HOW MUCH OWEST THOU?—Luke xvi, 5.
WHAT HAST THOU THAT THOU DIDST NOT RECEIVE?
—I Cor. iv, 7.

ENTER INTO HIS GATES WITH THANKSGIVING, AND INTO HIS COURTS WITH PRAISE; BE THANKFUL UNTO HIM.—Psalm c, 4.

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH WESTERN AMERICA.

VOL. III. No. 9. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, AUG. 21, 1897. [EVANGELINE BOOTH Commissioner for North-Western America.] Price 5 Cents.

IMPOTENT.

(See John v., 1-9).

By ENSIGN KENNING.

IN STRANGE CONTRAST to the crowd who were celebrating the feast at at Jerusalem, was that other multitude which thronged Bethesda's porches, "waiting for the moving of the water." Sick, blind, halt, withered," there they were, a helpless, needy mass. We read that at this time "Jesus went up to Jerusalem." Yes, "He who came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil it," was ever careful to observe its ordinances and feasts. To the City, to the feast He came, and while there the sick and helpless were not forgotten, for He came to Bethesda.

* * * *

The incident here recorded by the evangelist deals not so much with the multitude as with a certain man who had been "thirty and eight years in his infirmity." How often is the individual lost in the multitude, although the great cry of the whole is but the gathering together of the wails and moans of the many individual and separate hearts.

More completely helpless and powerless than his fellows, because of his "impotence," for years he had lain in this sad plight, seen by many, helped by none, until Jesus came and "saw him." Hands he had, and feet, and sight, and hearing, yes, and a measure of life which did but add to the anguish of what was little better than a living death. Impotent hands, impotent feet, impotent limbs, AN IMPOTENT MAN.

* * * *

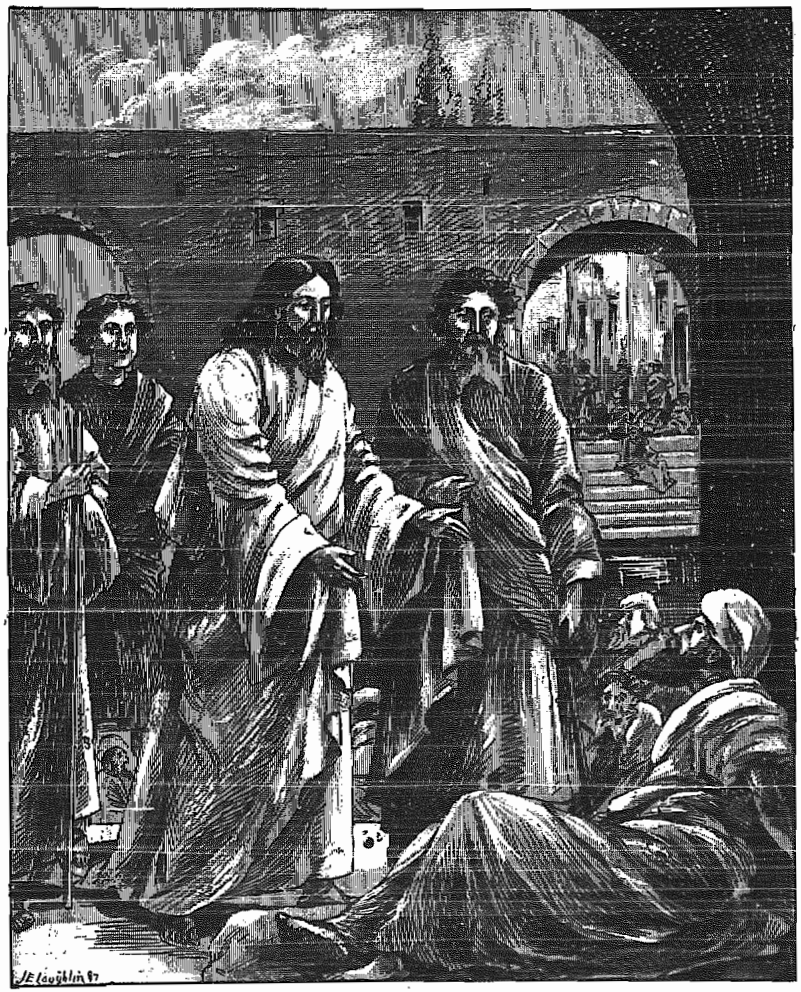
Have we not in the picture here portrayed but a representation of many such, who throng the porches of the world's Bethesda? We will not speak for a moment of the many who are "dead in their trespasses and sins," who know nothing of the quickening power of the Spirit of God, but rather of those who, having received "life," are, because of this very fact, but the more conscious of their powerlessness, uselessness, their impotence. They would use their faculties and powers in the service of God and their fellows, —members which were once surrendered as "servants to uncleanness to iniquity unto iniquity," they would fain surrender as "servants to righteousness unto holiness," but they feel they cannot, they are IMPOTENT. Not only so, but like the man of whom this incident speaks, they have been a long time in that state, waiting, waiting, waiting. Are you, dear reader, among that multitude?

* * * *

To him Jesus came. He comes to you Jesus knew he had been a long time in that case, He knows how long you have lain in your present condition—He chides him not; He will not reprove you; He speaks not of the water for the moving which the man had so long waited. He asks but one question: "Wilt thou be made whole?" Say not you have none to help you, speak not of the troubled pool,—thy long, fruitless waiting, should have made thee hail the more gladly the possibility of being made whole by some other means.

* * * *

With this great Physician and His healing power, it is not a question of the first that comes; nay, rather, in this case He comes to thee, just where thou art, in thy weakness and impotence. The question He asks is not one of your ability to become whole, it is whether you are WILLING TO BE MADE WHOLE. God is ever the more glorified, not so much by our readiness to do, as by our WILLINGNESS TO BE. Though for weeks or months, or years you may have lain in your present helpless, useless state, yet with but a word of His mouth He can heal thee completely. He will bid thee rise, but He will also bid thee WALK. Art thou WILLING to be raised up out of your weakness into His might, out of your inability to do aught, into the glorious ability to do all things "through Him who strengthenoth you," up from the couch upon which your helpless, useless, imootent frame has been stretched for many months and years, to health and vigor, and power, to walk in His way, and forgetting the weakness of the past, "press forward towards the mark for the prize." Art thou willing? RISE AND WALK.



WILT THOU BE MADE WHOLE?—John v, 6.

When Christians will exhibit as much enthusiasm and daring, to fit out missionary expeditions for the Lord Jesus, as these dauntless spirits (Klondyke pioneers) do in behalf of the gold-god, then shall we be right upon the threshold of the Millennium—and then with Christ Himself for their treasure—all mankind shall be happy.—Major Milsaps.

A GIDDY YOUNG WOMAN, who had a number of times been spoken to about her soul by Captain Bates, of Stamford, Conn., but always treated the call carelessly, finally found herself sooner than she expected on her death-bed. The Salvation Army Captain visited her to make the last effort to bring the poor soul to Christ. Rising suddenly, with one hand upon her forehead and the other grasping the Captain's hand like a vice, the dying woman exclaimed, "It's no use for you to plead with me; it's no use for you to pray for me. I can't be saved now! I can't, I can't! It's too late!"

The North-Western Provincial Officer

Talks to a War Cry Man About His Visit to the Motherland.

AS A SPECIMEN of the healthfulness of Salvation Army work, Brigadier Bennett is a very good and encouraging type. He swung into the Editorial Office soon after his return from the Crystal Palace Demonstration, looking the picture of good health and good nature. In reply to enquiries, the Brigadier said that for seven years he had not been away from his work a week, and he thought that after so long a spell, he might be permitted a brief furlough, during which time he could "take in" the great Crystal Palace Demonstration, and devote some little time to comforting his aged mother, who for years he had not seen.

The Brigadier only spent nine days in England. It was a long journey to take for such a short stay, but before everything else, the Brigadier is a man of war. The interests of the Salvation Army are really and truly first, and he said: "I knew Harvest Festival was coming on, and I was thinking about the share my Province ought to have in it, and so felt I should be happier at my work than staying in England."

It was bitterly cold crossing the Atlantic. At least twenty icebergs were sighted on the trip out, and as many coming back. The sailors, the Brigadier said, discover the proximity of an iceberg by lifting up a pail of water from the ocean and thrusting a thermometer into it; the thermometer, of course, indicates whether the water is much colder than it would be under ordinary circumstances.

A Colonial Tent

was fixed up in the Crystal Palace grounds, at which the Brigadier reported himself. He was greatly interested with the Evolution March, which appears to have been a march made up of a series of groups of individuals with each group made to look like the Salvation Army in the period it represented. For instance, there was a march where the members, some of them, wore high hats. There was another group, showing one of our early attempts at a Brass Band. Of course the music was of a very strange kind, compared with such as the Staff Band discourses now.

The march went on until the representative national groups came along, each in the order of date that the country was opened. Brigadier Scott and Staff-Captain Turner, with Brigadier Bennett, represented this Territory. Brigadier Scott, we are glad to learn, is getting on excellently, and Mrs. Scott is in better health than when in this country.

Commissioner Nicol, with whom we all sympathize, was sorrowing at the loss of his little daughter, and the severe illness of another of his children. (God bless and sustain the British Editor-in-Chief!) He also welcomed our representative.

Commissioner Howard shook hands with Brigadier Bennett, with these words: "Hello, Bennett! I have not seen you since you were a Cadet in the Training Home." Brigadier Bennett had a long talk with Brigadier Clibborn respecting "Over-Sea-Colony" affairs. Brigadier Clibborn is now Secretary for the British Colonies and America. It will be remembered that he prospected through our North-West as to the suitability of this country for the General's new State..

Brigadier Bennett says the Palace "Go" was a gigantic affair. The Brass Band of 500 instruments was magnificently grand. The British Headquarters Staff Band is a wonderful Band. It beats the old Household Troops to "fits," and the Old Household Troops was a good thing. The Children's Drill was a marvellous display. It beat everything the Brigadier ever saw. The representations of Slum work, in which that

Extraordinary Individual, BRIGADIER HARDING,

Editor of the Social Gazette, played an important part, appearing in the Slum Court as an Anarchist leader, with a red flag tied to a piece of stick and making a speech, evidently to annoy the Salvation Army, was a first-class living picture of the Army's operations in London Slums.

Taking the Crystal Palace as a whole, the Brigadier says it was a complete success—the only drawback being the stoppage of the march, owing to a thunder storm, which, of course, nobody could help.

Brigadier Bennett attended the opening of the 5 p.m. Officers' Meeting next day, led by the General at Clapton, where he met Major Caygill, of New York Headquarters, and other Comrades. From there he went to the International Trade Headquarters, and saw an old Comrade of his—Lieutenant-Colonel Lamb, who is top man in the Army's trading affairs in Britain. Staff-Captain Fletcher, who may be remembered as an Officer here some years ago, is still at the Trade Headquarters, and doing well. The Army's Insurance Company is evidently doing a big business, as the Brigadier speaks of having seen great numbers of Agents. He could tell them by the special uniform they wore.

The Brigadier's eye was caught by Lieutenant-Colonel Richard's little boy of about six years old — an extraordinary drummer! He swings the sticks round his head at a great rate, and makes all sorts of striking and attractive attitudes in his manipulations of them. When the Duchess of Fife visited the Food and Shelter Depots at the time of the Jubilee, young Richards was present, and drummed before the Duchess.

Commissioner Cadman—top man of the Army's Social operations in Britain, reported things going well.

J. C.

YOU DID WELL—DO BETTER.

By BRIGADIER MARGETTS.

AT DARK, when everything had quieted down, Almighty Voice yelled to them that they were doing well, but would have to do better."

So read a portion of the report issued from Duck Lake, N. W. T., on May 30th, 1897, afterwards appearing in the Toronto "Globe."

Imagine, if you will, the vast, flat, boundless prairie. Upon it has closely grown, a quantity of slender, stinted kind of trees—called a bluff. In the centre thereof, below the surface level of prairie soil, in an excavated hole, a blood-thirsty Indian—a murderer, known by the extraordinary name of "Almighty Voice," has defiantly secreted himself.

The bluff is surrounded by a goodly number of Mounted Police, and others, who are endeavoring to rout, capture, and bring to time this dangerous character. A 7-pounder field gun has fired seven shells into the bluff as the sun is setting in the West. Darkness has now gathered, the firing of guns has ceased, and out from the bluff, through the breezy air of the prairie, flies the yelled injunction of "Almighty Voice," "You're doing well, but will have to do better."

It is not my purpose to here further describe a civil war on a small scale, nor am I desirous of exciting that kind of uprising spirit which breeds contention, strife and rebellion. There is another kind of uprising going on in the Territory just now—a holy, earnest, enthusiastic war, which captivates the attention, permeates the soul, and absorbs the practical interest of every true Salvationist of North-West America, from Vancouver Island in the West, to fair Bermuda's extremity in the East—a war which is represented and well understood by two significant letters,—H. F.

To the brave, loyal, conquering hosts of Salvation Soldiery in this vast Territory, I want to speak a word. It is the least I can do, for, alas! I am not permitted longer to stand at a battalion's front and lead them forth to victory as in the past. An old warrior can scarcely be held back from doing something, when he hears the rolling of martial drums, sees the glittering flash of the enemy's swords, and is allowed to behold a scene or two of the battle, as viewed from

The Seat of War.

So, here is is,—a brilliant, thrilling, surprising record of successive triumphs since '92, which tho' cold type cannot fully express, or figures adequately proclaim, nevertheless takes up with no uncertain sound, the strain of "Almighty Voice" so far, and heralds to the same determined and united Territorial troops, the loud, connectable message: "You've done well."

Study for a moment the following table of Territorial figures:

Year.	Am's Raised.	Am't Increase.
1892..........	$ 3,063.21	———
1893..........	6,219.13	$ 3,155.92
1894..........	7,110.88	891.75
1895..........	9,763.77	2,642.89
1896..........	11,526.27	1,764.50

"Is that really what we have done?" asked an Officer of high order, as with an expression of marked surprise he scanned this record only a few hours ago. "Certainly," I answered. "Then," said he, "that is a most wonderful accomplishment." I believed him and his opinion, like many others, said again to my Comrades, "You've done well."

Those figures, however, reveal the fact that "You've done well" in the point of ORGANIZATION. Such sweeping advances are not made as an outcome of fits and starts in an indefinite, go-as-you-please, do-as-you-like, round-about, aim-at-nothing kind of work, but speak eloquently of a carefully planned system, a well-trained force, a combined, concentrated action, a desperate, determined attack. Such figures also say to you, my Comrades, one and all,

"You've Done Well, Financially."

Money doesn't fly about in the air, following people as they go,—at any rate, it doesn't after the Salvation Army. We have not yet discovered where cash is to be obtained in piles tens of thousands of dollars high, for the mere fetching, nor yet have we found out where dwells millionaires who are anxious to present for only asking, to a cause so worthy even, such magnificent sums as any one of the past years' effort represents. No! no!! In the face often of grinding poverty, of slack trade, and of prospects none too bright and hopeful, these figures demonstrate the fact that our God—the God of Abraham, of Moses, of Elijah and Daniel, has so come to our assistance, when we have, to the best of our ability, sought to help ourselves, as to no less surprise our foes than ourselves; and as we in our poverty have gone scattering what we, through His mercy and grace, have possessed,—His peace, His joy, and the light of His Salvation,—He in return has honored us by saying, in financial recompense, "You've done well"

But we do not live, and strive for money in the first sense. The Army exists, definitely and purely, as a soul-saving, devil-driving, drink-banishing, sorrow-swamping agency, and although, perhaps, the above figures do not tell it—for they do not tell all,—methinks I hear another voice, which declares, as the multitude of converts is counted, the numbers of recruits made, and enrolled Soldiers are told, as the record of churches benefited is made known, and the vast community of poor, starving fallen, suffering humanity is helped, "You've done well SPIRITUALLY."

But what about the present Campaign? In view of such demonstrated and willing ability on your part; in view of the golden opportunity now offered, and of the great need—for it never was so great as at this hour, there is only one fit admonition which, in true appreciation of the past magnificent achievements, which admonition, the target anticipates, the Hand-Book reaches out to, the Commissioner believes for, and the writer suggests, while crowds of helpless, sin-stricken souls whi look to you as their helpers and friends echo it, and your Comrades in other lands who, having heard of your past triumphs, and formed no small or meagre opinion of your courageous capabilities, re-echo it,—"DO BETTER!"

We all believe in improvement. It is a kind of common law amongst us to expect, that an individual, a corporation, an organization, or a nation who, having made for themselves such a reputation for development as has the Territorial Wing of the Salvation Army of North-West America, that because they ALWAYS HAVE done better, they will do so again.

If I know anything of the feeling of the Provincial Officers, of the ambitions of the District Officers, of the determination of the Commanding Officers on the Field, or the desire of the troops themselves, with one accordant strain, in one harmonious voice, with hearts aglow with holy love, and spirits high in confident faith, I hear the re-echoing of one gigantic shout in the words of this year's motto, declare that this year's effort shall be "THE BEST YET."

J. E. M.

Re HARVEST FESTIVAL, 1897.

"A post for every man and every man to his post."

—MAJOR SOUTHALL.

F. O.'s, ATTENTION!!

Read the Synopsis of the Serial Story to your Congregations.

BOOMERS, ATTENTION!—Notice the details of the "Cry," especially the synopsis of the serial stories, and read the same to the public among whom you Boom. Try it. You will have to increase your order right away.

SINNER, READ THIS.

CAPTAIN ARTHUR SHEARD.

TWAS EARLY on Monday, the 19th of April, that the town of Rossland was thrown into a state of fever by the awful news that six men had been buried alive by one of the largest land-slides known in the country. Was there no possible escape for the men? None! It all happened in the night, while the men were taking their rest. A fear of the possibilities of a land-slide had entered their minds, but thinking they were out of danger, they laid themselves down to rest, thinking, again, all would be well. But about two in the morning a roar as that of mighty thunder was heard. It awoke them; the alarm was given—but instead of running away from it, as they thought to do, they ran right into its way. There were ten in the camp; four escaped, slyghtly injured, while six were ushered to meet their God.

The cause was that between three mountains a small lake had beeen formed, and as the water began to rise, it burst through between two of the said mountains and carried all before it. I was early on the scene the next morning to take it in. How sad! how dreadful! to think that it all transpired in the night, while the men were helpless!

I stood, and like a lightning flash the scene of a more dreadful and more fearful sight passed before my mind's eye. I thought of the Great Day of the Lord, when the hands of Mercy which have kept back His awful wrath, will be withdrawn, when the Angel shall stand with one foot on the land and another on the sea, and declare time to be no more; when the moon shall be turned into blood, and the stars shall fall, and men and women running hither and thither to find refuge; and the very place they think to hide from God it shall prove to be their snare. What an awful day that will be! No refuge—no shelter!

No God to Help and no Christ to Save

How true it is, the wrath of God is gathering, while the sins of the people are multiplying. It cannot hold out long. Lord, how long?

Young man! your pleasure, your bar-room, your gambling table, your wicked company, will yet DAMN YOUR SOUL! Young woman! your gay company, your pride, your self-righteousness will yet be the means of sending your soul to the lowest regions of the damned. If you do not believe it, come with me. Follow me closely: We are in the Undertaker's. Side by side lie two corpses, one a woman and the other a man. The woman once was fair and kind, but alas! how changed it became, until, tired of her life, weary of her sinning, she took her life by her own hand. The man was worth his thousands, and had plenty of friends, but finding his pleasure gone, he, too, ended his life by taking poison. How terrible! What do you think of it all?

Can you, too, my friend, stand it out to the end?

Other sights I could take you to, but this ought to be sufficient. You cannot say you have not been warned; the Gospel you have heard; the voice of your own Conscience has told you "IT'S RIGHT TO GET SAVED." Your mother's prayers you have heard, and felt, and a thousand and other voices you have heard distinctly, all crying for you to stop your life of sin. But still you continue! Can you hold out long? Not very long! Can God hold out long? Not very much longer! Then before His wrath shall burst out and overwhelm your poor soul eternally,—Wake up! Seek God! He will save you now!

A HARVEST FESTIVAL NOTE OF TRIUMPH.

SHALL WE WIN? What faltering voice would dare reply with any uncertain sound? OF COURSE WE SHALL WIN. Nevertheless, our plans must be well considered and backed up with energy and enthusiasm. No general in real warfare depends upon a past record for a new engagement. He makes sure of the courage, loyalty and devotion of his troops. The application of that is that every Officer must be assured that the Local Officers are carried and are in, heart and soul for victory. The Soldiers also must be equally in earnest.—Major Southall, in "The Comrade."

World Wide NEWS

In London, 35,223 War Crys are sold.

A War Cry boom is on foot in Jamaica.

There are twenty-three girls in the Beulah Rescue Home.

Circle Corps are being formed throughout England.

The Army has now forty Social Institutions in Australia.

A 'Cycle Brigade is working the Cambridge, Eng., Division.

The 17th anniversary of the Salvation Army in Ireland has lately been celebrated.

Three Candidates' tents were given space at the Crystal Palace celebration of the Salvation Army.

Think of 4,000 Officers in Council! Such a Council followed the thirty-second anniversary in London.

In Johannesburg, South Africa, over 13,000 men have been in the Salvation Army Shelter since its opening.

Trestle Glen Camp meetings, San Francisco, have been scenes of great and special blessing. Nearly 200 souls forward.

Of Salvation Army publications, the latest is an eight-page journal, published by Major Abdul Aziz in the Telgu Province.

A bundle of Pacific Coast War Crys was sent on the steamer "Excelsior" to St. Michael, Alaska, at the mouth of the Yukon river.

Hop-picking is now on in California. Major Winchell is sending two parties of thirty unemployed, principally women, to the hop-fields there.

4,000 persons and over 300 rigs were on the Camp grounds, Glyndon Park, Philadelphia, on a recent Sunday. Meetings successfully led by Lieutenant-Colonel Evans.

A ranch of about 600 acres has been secured by Mr. Spreckels, so we are informed. The El Sobrante will probably be the first tract of land to be used for raising sugar beets by the Salvation Army Colony.

Utica, N. Y., a proverbial hard nut, has been the scene of an exceptionally successful Campaign. A large Tabernacle Tent, holding 1,000 people, has been crowded every night. Splendid sympathy has been shown.

A significant feature of the "Move On" boom in Australia is the farewelling and changing of about fifty District Officers, most of whom are Majors and Staff-Captains, and other changes involving some folks higher up, and a great many Field Officers.

Berlin Congress opened with a bang! Two hundred Officers. Thirteen halls running; full to overflowing. Utmost friendliness prevailing. High enthusiasm among Officers. Some excellent work done. Commissioner McKie's health improving. British "War Cry" Commissioner leading.

A few statistics of the advertising in connection with the recent Crystal Palace Demonstration in England: 1,000,000 handbills; 10,000 window-bills; 1,000,000 Palace-shaped cards; 5,000 preliminary posters; 3,000 drum posters; 1,300 large banner posters; 2,400 pictorial posters; 189 large calico signs.

The following friendly clipping is from the Portland, Oregon, Telegram: "The Salvation Army celebrated its thirty-second anniversary yesterday in London. May it live to celebrate its hundred and thirty-second birthday. While D. D.'s are quibbling, the bonneted Amazons are marching on to the conquest of the people for righteousness and God."

The Salvation Army in India has been epitomised as follows: Corps, 335; Staff Officers, 163; Cadets, 33; total Officers, including Field, 864; Soldiers and Recruits, 10,763; children attending day schools, 1,779; Rescue Homes, 5; Prison Gate Homes, 1; Farm Colonies and Industrial Farms, 3; War Crys (different languages) 6; circulation of the same, 8,500.

Social Institutions in San Francisco: Institute and Shelter for Workingmen, 156 New Montgomery; Labor Bureau, 158 New Montgomery; Free Dispensary, 158 New Montgomery; Knights of Hope, 158 New Montgomery; Wood-Yard, 564 Howard Street. Telephone for above is Main 1356; Woman's Shelter, 863 Folsom Street; Rescue Home (Buelah, Cal.,) Receiving Office, 339 Folsom Street; Golden Gate Farm, Pacheco, Contra Costa, Cal.

A Rich Man's Chance.

A Prayer-Meeting Incident.

By ENSIGN KENNING.

THERE HE SAT, at the close of a meeting of more than ordinary power, a man upon whom the snows of more than eighty winters had fallen.

One could not help but look again at a face whose features spoke only too plainly, to those who know aught of the inner meaning of outward expression—the sadness of heart and dissatisfaction of spirit within.

The fishers were busy here and there, but this soul seemed to be passed by everybody. Presently an Officer leaves the platform and makes his way towards him.

"You seem to have been deeply interested in to-night's meeting, sir," said the Officer.

"Yes," was the reply, "one cannot help but feel interested in meetings such as these, especially when one has so seldom the opportunity of attending them." This was said in so strangely significant a tone, as to convince the Officer that this was no ordinary case and that there was some sorrow, some heart burden, 'neath this well-dressed exterior.

"Pardon me, sir, but there is a ring of sadness about those last words of yours. Are you in trouble? Can I help you? Tell me, do you know aught of the pardoning love and mercy of God?" These questions followed each other quickly.

"Young man," was the reply, and a determined, fixed expression settled upon those aged features, "before I answer those questions of yours, let me acquaint you of one or two facts, and ask you a question or two."

Praying for wisdom from above, the Officer replied: "I shall do my best to answer your questions, if at all possible."

"First let me tell you that this is my first day on my feet for months, and for aught I know may be the last for months more. I have suffered for years from a disease that seems incurable. One day I can get about as if nothing were the matter, another day I am stretched out helpless, homeless, and remain in that condition for months at a time. Tell me if God is so good as you have declared in this meeting to-night, why does He permit me to be afflicted thus, as if He gloried in my pain and suffering?"

"Are you quite sure, sir, that your question is rightly directed? Is it to God this question should be put? Ought it not rather be put to yourself? Are you persuaded that this disease is not but the effect of a cause, instituted perhaps in years that are past? What has your past life been? How has it been spent? What have you sown?"

The answer came quickly: "Young man, my mother was a martyr to the same fell disease, but why should I suffer?" And his tones became hard. "God could have prevented this! Why has He allowed it? Why has He dealt with me thus?"

"Ask me rather, sir, why cannot I fathom the ocean with a three-foot rule. 'Shall the thing formed say to Him that formed it, why hast Thou made me thus?' To sum up the whole position briefly, sir, you have a quarrel with God Almighty. Your hands are raised against Him, you fight Him with your murmurings, questionings, and, like one of old, you stretch out (your hand against God, and strengthen yourself against the Almighty, you hurl yourself against "the thick bosses of His buckler." Tell me, sir, is there any possibility of your winning in this encounter? If so, fight on, but if not, then why not cease your hopeless battling?"

He was silent for a moment, but looked into his questioner's eyes as if to look him through. He saw tears there, and he turned his gaze away.

"Pardon me, sir," continued the servant of God, "but just now you mentioned your mother. Was she a saint?"

He started visibly, his breast heaved, and tears that would not be held back coursed freely down his furrowed cheeks."

"If ever there was a saint, she was one," he gulped between choking sobs.

"Did she murmur or question? Tell me, how did she die?"

"A more patient soul never breathed—she died happy."

"Then, sir, your sainted mother found a source of comfort and solace in her pain to which her son is a stranger. She had hope in life which only gave place to glorious reality and consummation of bliss in death, but her son has no hope, no light in life, and except you seek her God, then you will have no hope, no light in death—you will die in the dark."

"Why should I?" he again hastily queried. "I have spent thousands of pounds in charities, have ever sought to do a good turn and help those who were friendless, and even now would gladly give all I possess could I but rid myself of this horror, this spectre that haunts me day and night."

"God does not require your wealth to propitiate Him, but He is infinitely more concerned about the health of your soul than that of your body. Seek first His glory and the Salvation of your soul, and though pain he yours for the remaining few years of your life, you, with your mother, will be able to look forward to the time when this corruptible shall put on incorruption, this mortal put on immortality," this poor body which, 'sown in weakness, shall be raised in power, and you shall awake satisfied in His likeness.'"

He shook his head sadly, and as the meeting was being concluded he rose to leave the hall, shaking heartily the hand of the Officer who had spoken to him. Did he go out only to continue in his hopeless, lightless way? Who shall say it! Nay, rather let us believe that He who gave the message will not suffer it to return unto Him void.

The Yukon Gold Region as Depicted by the Pacific Coast Cry.

COSMOPOLITAN PERSONALIA.

Adjutant Connett has broken down in health.

Colonel Eadie's province takes 22,755 copies of the War Cry.

Major Rolfe, of Jamaica, has been down with fever, but is better.

Consul Mrs. Booth-Tucker has received a royal welcome in London.

Brigadier Addie has a Band of converted Jubilee Singers from Camp Nelson, Kentucky, at Silver Heights Camp.

Consul Booth-Tucker has been suffering from a slight chill, for which the cold climate of England is said to be responsible.

Major Stillwell has formed a Fresh Air Camp, by which he will take to the country for a week 100 poor women and their children.

Major Brengle's stay in the Pacific Coast Division has been prolonged for a few days. He has been greatly used of God in the big meetings there.

Major Marshall, Chief District Officer of the Northern Pacific Chief Division, has his Divisional Headquarters in Portland, Oregon, not in Seattle.

Adjutant Kupfer, late of New York Editorial Department, has arrived in Ceylon, and took the title of Lieutenant in order to learn field work under a Captain.

Commander Booth-Tucker's important conference and visits of inspection out West are said to have resulted in something very practical in reference to his proposed Colonization Scheme.

Editor-in-Chief Cox, of New York, is turning out some splendid War Crys. The paper and ink used are of very extra quality, and as a consequence the appearance of the paper is immensely improved.

Consul Booth-Tucker, accompanied by Brigadier Alice Lewis, arrived at Liverpool after a fairly good passage from New York. She was met by the Chief-of-the-Staff. We rejoice to learn that the Consul's health is as satisfactory as could have been expected.

Colonel Higgins, Chief Secretary of U. S. A. forces, has borne the burden of extra work which has fallen upon him during the absence of the Consul in London and the Commander in the West, in a manner and spirit which has commanded the respect and admiration of all.

Both the General and Chief have been liberal in the matter of the time they have placed at Consul Booth-Tucker's disposal for discussions and decisions in connection with the United States Field. The Consul conducted one of the main meetings at the Crystal Palace celebration.

Brother C. H. Gale, of Sonora, Cal., a gold miner of many years' experience, took passage on the steamer Excelsior, which steamed out of San Francisco Harbor the afternoon of July 28th. He is en route to the Klondyke gold fields. Brother Gale made a rich gold strike last July in Tuolumne County, which gave him a stake of over $5,000.

During Lieutenant-Colonel Keppel's visit to England, Major McIntyre, who is pro. tem. in charge of the Pacific Coast Division of the United States, set a target of advance, including 30 new Grace Before Meat Bene Agents, 1,000 new boxes placed out, the starting of a Tent Brigade, 5 new Outrider Districts, 50 Candidates and 25 more Officers, 15,000 extra War Crys, 2,000 penitents, and 2,000 Soldiers.

The General, with Colonels Lawley and Kilby, has returned from his Continental trip. In spite of his hard work and the weather difficulties which were encountered, our grand old Leader was in better health at the finish than when he started his tour. The Campaign has been successful and encouraging, and the visit to Finland—a new feature—has given mutual satisfaction. God bless our intrepid traveller!

CENTRAL ONTARIO HO! HARVEST FESTIVAL HO!

The Provincial Officer Sends Greetings and Second Batch of Notes to His Officers and People Re the Coming Harvest Festival.

Corps Targets and Special Hints.

HOLLOWING on last week's notes, I am now able to give the different District and Corps targets that have been set. These will, ere this, have safely arrived in the hands of every Field Officer, and the respective amounts will ere this have been posted before the gaze of the public. Officers and Soldiers will have talked the matter over and concluded to do everything that lies in their power to hit the bull's eye and smash it

Now, ye warriors, gaze at the Toronto District! The Toronto Temple has the biggest Target of all,—$125. This figure would daunt some, but all I can say is, leave it with Ensign Alward and his aides. Temple Comrades are in for it. Their blood is up. The Territory is invited to watch results. Oh, I have made a mistake about it having the biggest Target. Plucky Lisgar's figure is $160, yes, $160. Trust Adjutant Bradley with this. Seeing that the Corps will get the benefit of it in connection with their Juniors' Hall, of course the conclusion is that they will get it. Lippincott, with its Target of $50, should surely raise it if old No. 1 can raise $50, and don't you think the latter will "get there ?" Yorkville and Dovercourt are set neck to neck. Public opinion varies as to which will win. Surely if Brampton gets their Target of $25, the above two places should! The Toronto Men's Shelter will do a good thing with Ensign Fletcher at their head, and Staff-Captain Stewart will look out for the interests of the Women's Shelter at Toronto. Now, then Toronto District, forward to the battle!

In the Hamilton District, Hamilton I. is pitted against St. Catharines, at $50 each. Of course, the latter will ——!! What the St. Kitts' comrades raise goes to their new Barracks. Now, Garden City, see what you can do! Hamilton II. and Dundas are also set equal Targets at $15 Here is a race! I shall back ——!!! Oakville is just the place for Harvest Festival and should raise a $10 bill easily. The Rescue Home and Men's Shelter at the Ambitious City have $5 each set against them. We look to Adjutant Burditt to push matters all round his District, and not forget to work Niagara, Thorold and other like places Now turn your eyes to Barrie District. Is that chief veteran, Adjutant Mattby, stationed there? Leave the success with him. Barrie itself is all right. Just imagine putting Aurora against Collingwood! But the former may beat the latter. Newmarket braves will see that their $40 is reached all right. Trust them. Little Stroud is down for $20. Beautiful farming community round Barrie. Should do well! Don't let your reputation fall, comrades!

Say, Adjutant Moore! Forty dollars at your Corps is not a very big figure. Go at it and win! Oshawa will go at its $25 heart and soul. Whitby's figure is $20 and Brooklin's $15. Then there are Courtice, Port Perry, and Pickering, all these places should look up well. I might say that Adjutant Moore's like will render him great assistance.

I know now just about what Bracebridge and the other Corps CAN do. I have gone and seen the centre Corps. Enough it is to say that the Officers there during the recent Council led by the Provincial Officer, promised to raise their Target, and I think some may double them. Alnwick Harbor and Magnetowan kindly note this.

Hurrah for Lindsay District and Adjutant Searr. Take a look at their Targets; Lindsay, $50; Uxbridge, $25; Fenelon Falls, $20; Omemee, Kinmount and Coboconk, $15 each. That means $140 for the District, and readers can depend upon the troops there hitting their Targets.

Mrs. Major Cooper can answer for the Orillia District all right. $46 is not an extortionate Target for Orillia, and from what I know of the Sisters Howcroft, Midland will do beautifully, and get more than $30, while Captain Brindley and his Lieutenant will feel bad if they do not raise $25 at Gravenhurst.

Sudbury District has its difficulties, but Ensign Cameron will surely face and overcome them. Sudbury itself is billed for $50, North Bay and the Soo for $25 each, and Little Current for $20. From what I know of the Officers and Soldiers of the latter Corps, they will do it. Then the other three Coros will not be backward at all.

Too bad there is no District Officer yet at Owen Sound. However, that town will surprise us during Harvest Festival week. Whby, its Target is only $25, while Chesley, Orangeville and Wiarton have $10 each. In faith, Feversham's Target is set at $20, and it will conquer all right.

Now, just a word to Field Officers. Do not rest satisfied at simply hitting the Targets set. This is really not enough. Live Officers will seek rather to double their Target and use all and every legitimate means to attain this end. Let all Outposts and Brigades be thoroughly worked. Do not miss them. They will assist so much. As a final word of warning, let it be understood that the EAST ONTARIO TARGET IS $1,700, and without any undue challenging or undue bragging, if the Central cannot raise nearly this figure, then ——!!! Tableaux!!—— More next week.

What About the Harvest Festival?

A TALK WITH BRIGADIER J. D. SHARP.

Captain.—"Good morning, Brigadier Sharp. How goes the War in East Ontario?"

Brigadier Sharp.—"Good day. The War is progressing finely."

C.—Harvest Festival is on us again. What faith have you for victory?"

B.—"My faith runs high, and I believe that with the blessing of God we shall have the joy of getting our target for this Province."

C.—"Praise the Lord! that is good! How do you intend to accomplish this?"

B.—"Well, in the first place, I have a set of Officers that are in excellent spirits and are hard workers. I do not say this to boast, for if you want proof of what I say, I can give you the names of different Officers who are working early and late while suffering very much physically, and who, if they thought of themselves, would be on the rested list."

C.—"God bless them! That is showing their faith by their works, sure. Their example is Christ-like in many respects. What else?"

B.—"Well, another reason for my hope is the willingness of the Officers to do everything or anything they are told that will help them to reach their targets."

C.—"Of course you will expect to meet some difficulties?"

B.—"Oh, yes, but like Napoleon, when shown the Alps and the difficulty of crossing the same, said: "There shall be no Alps," so we declare that there shall be no difficulties but what we shall overcome."

C.—"That is grand; what else?"

B.—"There is another point which I should have mentioned first of all, and that is we are one from Quebec City to Port Hope and from Barre, Vermont, up to Pembroke. Unity prevails in our ranks. We believe in God and our leaders, and lastly, we believe in ourselves."

C.—"What are the prospects for good crops?"

B.—"If I am any judge on such matters, I consider that the grain in many districts is excellent; vegetables are also plentiful; fruits also, with the exception of apples, which are rather scarce. The eastern part of Ontario and the Province of Quebec are poor lands in comparison to other parts of the Dominion, but what we can't get in fruit, etc., we will get in other things. We mean business."

C.—"Have the District Officers and Field Officers got their Targets?"

B.—"Yes; each District Officer is instructed to see that the Field Officers in his District gets his Target. Some have already sent in their pledge to get there."

C.—"My! but that is grand! Now, how is the work in general in the East Ontario Province?"

B.—"Since the change took place last June, everything is looking up and not "lying on the flat of its back" at it, either. Ha, ha!"

C.—"Are souls being saved?"

B.—"Praise God, yes; we have had quite a number recently."

C.—"Are you making them into Soldiers?"

B.—"Our Soldiers' Roll stands higher than it has for years past, and we are having another enrolment on the 19th of August, which will add upward of 100 more to the Roll."

C.—"Glory to God! How about the War Crys?"

B.—"We are steadily advancing in this direction also. A few months ago we were running into debt and now we are getting our percentage from them."

C.—"Is the String Band still travelling through your Province, and is it a success?"

B.—"To answer your last question first: they are a decided success, and have been used of God to the blessing of every place they have visited. They are welcomed with pleasure, again and again, by every Officer and friend in each place. They are at present touring in the Western part of the Province, visiting every Corps between Kingston and Port Hope. They have changed their name to the 'Jubilee Quintette,' as they are reduced to that number."

C.—"Are you believing for good times at the big Councils in Toronto?"

B.—"Yes, I am looking forward to the Councils with great expectations, as I thoroughly believe the Officers' Councils and public meetings will be a great inspiration to all who go."

C.—"And now one question more, Brigadier. What is your soul's experience?"

B.—"I am very glad to tell you that amidst the many trials and difficulties I have to face, from time to time, I can report Victory in my spiritual life. I fully belong to God and the Army, and more than ever I am a thorough believer in this glorious organization."

C.—"Well, Brigadier, if every Provincial Officer, District Officer and Field Officer in the Dominion is as sanguine of success as you, why, the Harvest Festival is an assured success. I am cheered and encouraged by your testimony and will do all I can to help you. Good-bye."

HIS CHANCES WERE FEW.

"E—— I—— is dead!" were the words that fell on our ears as the meeting closed on Sunday afternoon. On Friday we stood by his bedside and there lay that young man, who only a few days before was healthy and strong,—gone into eternity. E—— was a backslider! Once he knew he was right with his God, but bartered his soul's salvation for the trifling things of this world. "It would not be so hard to die, mother, if I was only now as I once was," he said one day when pain and weakness of body had been unusually hard to bear. But, oh, the terrible thought of going into eternity with a wasted life,—sins of years unforgiven. On Saturday we visited him again. We knelt by his bed and sang: "Though oft-times here we're weary, there is sweet rest above," but he felt there was no sweet rest for him. I took his hand in mine, and before I left the room looked into his eyes and said to him, "My brother, can't you trust Jesus now?" A turn of his head and a deep sigh was the only answer. A few hours more and all was over,—a precious soul launched out into eternity. His place in the home vacant, his face in the Barracks we'll see no more. Sinner! BE IN EARNEST! That young man thought there would be plenty of chances. But, remember, in the midst of life we are in death.

S. WINSOR, Captain,
Dildo, Nfld.

Adjutant George Montgomery may visit the Klondyke mines next spring.

"The efforts of Claus Spreckels," says the Santa Clara, Cal., Journal, "to colonize the Salinas Valley country, in conjunction with the Salvation Army scheme, should commend itself to every thinking mind in the State. It is a great scheme, and if carried out will do more to alleviate the suffering among the poor in the crowded slums of our cities in California than any other proposition yet placed before the public. The Salvation Army deserves credit for placing the proposition before the people and Mr. Spreckels for the prompt manner in which he proposes to aid it."

COMING SOON

A Special and Important Contribution from the Field Commissioner.

All about Guelph, Brantford and London. Look out for our new Serial.

Next week's "Cry" will contain A Harvest Festival Story, by Brigadier Margetts.

Complete Story by Major Gaskin, entitled "Why, Jim loved his wife."

All about Brantford.

Watchwords of the Bible.—(By the Commandant).

Around and about the Crystal Palace.

ON THE EVE OF THE BATTLE.

West Ontario Troops Eager for the Fray.

SINCE there can be no delighting in the exhilarating joys of victory, without first encountering the stern facts of War, true Soldiers should appreciate the opportunity that makes such rejoicings possible. The troops of the West Ontario Province have demonstrated the kind of mettle there is in them, on more than one previous occasion. They'll do it again! The Provincial Officer has visited nearly the whole Province, and is delighted with the spirit of enthusiasm, loyalty, firmness, and Blood-and-Fire determination that prevails. The principal difficulty is shortness of Officers. This must prove an incentive to those Corps equipped in this regard to cover any possible defect by reason of this lack.

The Officers are busy laying their plans, and arrangements are being made for a big fight with a glorious finish. The District Officers are more than enthusiastic, and are watching each other in "hawk-eye" style. Can any one imagine anything more exciting than the following race is likely to be: Four District Headquarters with the same Target! I imagine it! Here's Adjutants Archibald, Myles, and Ensigns Orchard and Wiggins standing in a row. Look out when the word "Go!" is given. Who will prophesy the winner? Aye, who will? The Dresden District Officer is the lightest, I imagine. But then the Chatham District Officer is an athlete. The Palmerston District Officer is apt to spring a surprise upon you, though, while the Stratford District Officer—somewhat at a disadvantage, of course, turning the scale the other day at 185 lbs., is also likely to open some people's eyes.

A Woman in it.

The Petrolea District Officer is a woman, and while her target is higher than some of the less favored male members of the same order, she is quite competent to hold her own. Of course, some of the above gentlemen will feel a little chagrined that such should prove to be the case, but we trust there will be no alternative. Anyway, it would be a surprise if one of these brave fellows SHOULD jump over this woman-warrior's head.

Another race!—Brantford, Simcoe and Windsor this time! Name the winner! Who dares? Woodstock also is in it,—another woman, too. Am afraid the men are going to get left in this contest.

The Targets for the respective Districts stands as follows:

Simcoe, D. O. Taylor	$ 175.00
Palmerston, D. O. Myles	250.00
Brantford, D. O. Crouch	330.00
Dresden, D. O. Orchard	145.00
London, D. O. Turner	400.00
Petrolea, D. O. Mackenzie	147.50
Stratford, D. O. Wiggins	205.00
Chatham, D. O. Archibald	165.05
Windsor, D. O. Dowell	175.00

A District race this time! Adjutants Taylor, Archibald and Dowell are the contestants. Three strong men. We will not attempt a prophecy. It will be an exciting event. Look out, Palmerston and Petrolea are also in for an interesting time.

The remaining Districts have odd Targets, but perhaps an unexpected thing will happen, and a new individuality will assert itself at the top of the list.

The Corps are divided into classes as follows:

CLASS I.—$15.00 and $20: Tilbury, Banfield. Go it, little ones! Tilbury is two to one. Is one woman equal to two men? We shall see.

CLASS I.—$25.00 and $30.00: Blenheim, Thedford, Tilsonburg, Essex Centre, Hespeler, Bothwell, Walkerton, Brussels, Norwich. What an array! What a sight from the West Ontario's grand stand! Talk about keeping cool. Who could?

CLASS III.—$32.50 and $35.00: Drayton, Paris, Watford, Clinton. Odds are in favor of the last-named. Still, strange things happen.

CLASS IV.—$37.50, $40.00 and $42.50: Goderich, Amherstburg, Wallaceburg, Forest, Listowell, Wyoming, Seaforth. There'll be some fun when this event comes off.

CLASS V.—$45.00, $47.00, and $50.00: Leamington, Strathroy, Ridgetown, Wingham, Sarnia. If we were compelled to an opinion we should go in favor of the girls again. Sarnia has a fine team, and will not be far behind. Now then, you members of the masculine gender, look to your laurels. You may lose them.

CLASS VI.—$55.00, $60.00 and $62.50: Ingersoll, Brantford, Simcoe, Windsor, Woodstock.

CLASS VII.—$75.00 and $80.00: Berlin, Guelph, Chatham, Dresden, St. Thomas, Palmerston and Stratford.

The Champions.

LONDON! PETROLEA! Are these doomed to being supplanted. Corps desiring to publish challenges should send word to the Provincial Officer by first mail. Interesting items to follow.

J. F. SOUTHALL,
Major.

EASTERN PROVINCIAL SCRAPS.

Major and Mrs. Pugmire have been on a visit to YARMOUTH, and report excellent times with Adjutant Galt and the Yarmouth braves. Several souls came to the Cross for pardon on the Sunday night.

A picnic was also held at Argyle, which was a beautiful time. A red-hot Salvation meeting was held on the grounds in the afternoon.

The Junior Soldier work is being pushed. The Adjutant has secured a Library. Will more Officers please follow suit. The children did a beautiful Jubilee.

DIGBY was also visited. Splendid open-air meting was held. Great crowd came around to listen to the "old story." A good meeting and attendance indoors. The Methodist minister was present and spoke. Captain Campbell and Lieutenant Davis hold the fort here.

The Major and Adjutant Galt also visited CLARK'S HARBOR. Had a rattling time. Good crowd; one soul and $15.00. Not bad for one week-night. Brother Fleming commands the island, assisted by the well-known "Logan."

BRIDGETOWN. The Major dropped in her and spent a night. Captain Whitten and Lieutenant Thomas hold the reins. Had a very nice time. No souls, but meeting and social brought several dollars into the Exchequer.

The Major paid a flying visit to HALIFAX, where a big farewell meeting had been arranged for the Bermudian party. The hall was about filled, and it was a good time. Next day Adjutant Matthews and her four assistants bid good-bye to Canada's shores for a time, sailing by the "Duart Castle." Glorious victories await them on the beautiful island.

At the farewell meeting, Adjutant Creighton, who for the past twelve months has been District Officer of Halifax District, and Captain McIntyre, said good-bye also, and Adjutant Aikenhead, the incoming District Officer, was welcomed.

Adjutant McLean and Adjutant and Mrs. Wiseman were present at the meeting. Hurrah for the Salvation Army!

Major Pugmire and Staff welcome the Bermuda Officers to Canadian soil. Reports of victory after nineteen months' labour in the land of the lily and the rose. Great reception meeting at St. John I.

On Wednesday, July 28th, after rather a rough voyage, Adjutant DesBrisay, Captains Johnson, Smith and Forsyth and Cadet Hinson arrived at St. John on board the "Taymouth Castle." They were met at the wharf by the Major, Staff-Captain Gage, Ensigns Adams and Perry, who gave them a downright good Canadian welcome. They were conducted to the "White House," (Provincial Headquarters) and before long with the Provincial Officer and Staff sat down to their first Canadian meal for nineteen months.

Adjutant DesBrisay and her aides bring stories of victory from the beautiful isle. During their nineteen months' stay, about 600 have sought Salvation. Two Corps have been opened, viz., Hamilton and Southampton, which together have a Soldiership of nearly 150. Thus God has abundantly blessed their labors, and a permanent work has been established.

Their welcome meeting was held in the St. John I. Barracks. The Major led, assisted by the Chancellor, Provincial and Rescue Staff and Officers of City Corps. The meeting was an excellent one, and God's benediction rested upon it.

Adjutant Matthews and her aids have arrived safely at Bermuda. Hundreds of people met them at the wharf, and at their reception meeeting the Barracks was crowded.

Yours still hopping,
"ROBIN RED-BREAST."

A large London firm has secured for the entire season a commodious and well-furnished house at Walton-on-the-Naze, where every one of its hundreds of factory hands and warehouse staff will be accommodated, in batches of thirty at a time, with a fortnight's free board and lodging, in addition to receiving a present of three weeks' wages. Moreover, on June 21 and 22, the work were closed, and to each of the workers

TOWARDS THE NORTH POLE.

Notes by Brigadier Read on His Trip to the Northern Part of the C. O. P.

TRUE, the northern part of Ontario is far from the point over which Andre's balloon is said to have passed: still it is to the north, and there are some warm-hearted people living there. I propose in these notes to give a sketch of some of the events which take place in connection with our visit:

Saturday, July 24th, Mrs. Read, myself, Adjutant Hay, Emma and Violet, let Toronto for Owen Sound, via Collingwood. All smiles. Captain McCann and Lieutenant Cornell said "Good-bye" to us on the "Pacific," as her ropes were tossed from their moorings, and her bow pointed to "The Sound." It was a delightful sail. When nearing the wharf a red line was visible, and drawing nearer we found a noble band of uniformed warriors waving their caps and handkerchiefs. They played us a "Welcome Home," shouted and volleyed until we all got a bit excited, the passengers wondering what was up. Such a reception whet our spiritual appetites. A tremedous crowd gathered at the open-air. Feversham Comrades, who had driven over the mountain to spend the week-end, made things lively, and one soul knelt at the Cross at the close of the indoor meeting. Knee-Drill began well by 42 at the feast. How earnestly they prayed! A letter reached us here from Ensign Jones, of Bracebridge, telling of glorious prospects for our visit there. Adjutant Hay took the Company Lesson at 10.30, with the children. Old as well as young were greatly interested. I might say that the Feversham Comrades brought bedding and food and "camped" on the Barracks floor, one jubilant musician waking us up at 5.30 a.m. by the severe strains of a trombone. This enabled us to begin the Knee-Drill at 6.45. Happy change! Other Corps try it.

A glorious Holiness meeting resulted in the consecration of five dear people. Different besetments had worried them, but they got victory. God greatly helped Mrs. Read with the lesson, and Adjutant Hay made plain the Highway of Holiness. Hot and sultry was the weather in the afternoon open-air, but still a great crowd listened to the Gospel message, gave a real good collection, while the afternoon meeeting was excellent. A splendid crowd gathered, listening intently as Mrs. Read described the Children's Shelter and League of Mercy work. Liberally they gave to the collection, and they sat intently listening till 5 o'clock. Captains Wicks, Stephens and Charlton greatly assisted, and little "Lornie" was not behind.

Blessed and profitable was the Soldiers' Council at 6 p.m. The public indoor meeting was a triumphant and glorious success. A splendid crowd gathered. Especially solemn was the prevailing feeling as Mrs. Read spoke of the "Great day of His wrath." Five rushed to the Cross, and it would have done our readers' hearts good to have listened to the colored brothers Miller as they sang, "I want to go there," etc. With a swing and a dance we finished a hard day of eight engagements and ten captures.

A Officers' Business Council was conducted at the Quarters on Monday, at which several vital and important matters were dealt with satisfactorily. Holiness was the theme at the night meeting. A splendid crowd assembled.. Hungry and thirsty they looked as we began. In spite of counter attraction in the shape of a moonlight steamer excursion, the building was half filled. How God spoke! Five surrendered their all. Mrs. Read, Adjutant Hay, Captains White, Wicks, and Stephens gave some sound talk. It was a blessed victory. We finished at 11 o'clock.

Our last meting at Owen Sound was a "Musical" one, but for hours it had ceaselessly rained and rained. Consequently the crowd was not big, but the meeting was enjoyable. We had songs and solos of all kinds, full of life, spirit and go, and at midnight boarded the N. S. N. Co.'s steamer "City of Collingwood" for Little Current. It rained in torrents, and the wind blew a hurricane. Things looked ominous. Even the ship's Captain felt qualmish about leaving port, and waited till 4.30 a.m., when the order was given to throw off the stern line. We had retired to bed, but could not sleep. Those fearful waves rocked the steamer like a cork, and soon poor Mrs. Read was "in the toils" of "mal-de-mer," and let me say that your humble servant soon followed. Lake sickness is a fearful [illegible] larney was reached. At 7 p.m. we landed at Little Current, so sick! An hour later we conducted a public meeting on the streets and inside. The Town Band welcomed us with selections of music. The Chief of the Indians, "Abbotossawa," led our Indian Soldiers in singing some splendid selections. He told the writer to tell the Commissioner that he has her picture pinned to his breast. The Chief of Police said the Salvation Army should have all his girls as Officers. They greatly enjoyed the Private Soldiers' Council, and after a few hours' rest and some talk with Captain Wilson and Lieutenant Rennies, we boarded the "Pacific" for Collingwood, where we are just landed, tired, sick and weary, but, thank God, still pursuing.

(More later).

MIXTURES.

Ensign Fletcher is on furlough.

Major Southall spent Sunday at Woodstock.

Ten of Headquarters Officers are away on furlough.

Staff-Captain Minnice has been on a fortnight's furlough.

Major Southall promises a contribution for the "Cry" soon.

The Temple Corps is going up with its War Cry sales in jumps.

Every War Cry received in the North-West Province is paid for.

Adjutant Hay, of the Central Ontario Province, "biked" 120 miles recently.

Adjutant Moore reports that Bowmanville Corps and District mean to rise.

There are now fifteen War Cry hustlers in connection with the Temple Corps.

Special meetings are to be held at each Corps in Toronto during the Exhibition Week.

While at Toronto, Brigadier Bennett lectured the Cadets on "How to lead a meeting."

Staff-Captain Hargrave led the meetings at Lisgar Street on Sunday. Good times; one soul saved.

Adjutant and Mrs. Cass and family left Toronto for Winnipeg on Thursday, August 5th, via C. P. R.

Ensign Taylor, Captains Nellie Smith, Clink, Lott, Lieutenants Osler, Worr, Titus, of the C. O. P., are resting.

West Ontario is expected to send a good number of musicians for the big Demonstration at Toronto in September.

The Central Ontario Province takes 5,600 War Crys. Two of the Cities in the Province contain 250,000 inhabitants.

Brigadier Bennett was only in England nine days on the occasion of his recent visit, four nights of which he travelled on the train.

Brigadier Bennett took a ride on a fast train in England from Liverpool to Manchester, a distance of 40 miles, and the train did it in 45 minutes!

The Editor, Ensigns Shea and Alward, were down to the Depot with Brigadier Bennett on Thursday, August 5th, wishing him a good trip out West.

The title of West Ontario's private weekly paper for Officers has been changed from the "Agitator" to the "Comrade."

Brigadier Read has a first-class scheme on hand by which a regular weekly allowance will be made for Officers resting.

Oakville and Dundas Corps, Central Ontario Province, are unofficered. Will you volunteer to supply the places? Write Brigadier Read.

Adjutant Stanyon has got well into harness at the Provincial Office, and his blood is up for the success of the work amongst the children.

Field Officers should be particular to read the synopsis of Serial stories to the public, and draw their attention to the current chapter in the Cry.

Forty-five Officers at the Hamilton Council (Ontario) declared they would hustle the War Cry, and there is a general upheaval since. Brigades are being formed and more Crys sold.

We congratulate the Central Ontario Province on the first appearance of their fortnightly paper for Officers, the "Monitor," which is a good thing. It is newsy, spicy, pointed, inspiring. Bravo, Central!

News has reached us of the promo- [illegible] lover of the Army, Brother Wilcox, Brigus, Nfld. The Officers of the Corps speak very highly of our friend's life and example amongst them.

Out on the Western Prairies during July, August, and September, there is no time for anything but harvesting the hay and wheat.

Brigadier Bennett presided at a meeting in the Baptist Mission, Quebec, when Ensign Sims gave them a Lantern Service. The head of the Mission very generously handed over all the proceeds to the G. B. M. Work.

Provincial Officer Southall will float the LOCAL DEFENDER'S LEAGUE throughout the Province on September 21st. The District Officers are delighted with the prospect. It is expected the Scheme will largely help the Corps' finances.

Brigadier Bennett led a meeting on the boat coming from England to Montreal. He also took the chair at a meeting conducted in the interests of the China Inland Mission, and arranged for another meeting to be conducted by a Presbyterian.

Saturday, September 4th, to Thursday, September 9th, will be a big time with the Salvation Army in Toronto concluding Demonstration at the Massey Hall. Officers who want billets for the big September Demonstration should write Brigadier Read at once.

Mrs. Major Gaskin conducted League of Mercy meetings at Dovercourt and Richmond Street last week. The Dovercourt Corps is in good spirits and a good crowd of people turned up to the meetings. Richmond Street also had a number of new faces on the occasion of the visit.

"THE COMRADE," West Ontario's weekly, says there are two things which require to be done at once: (1.) "Every Soldier should be a buyer of at least one copy of the War Cry. (2.) Brigades (if only two members) should be instituted at every Corps." (Hear, hear, Comrade, so say all of us!—Ed.)

A Nova Scotian writes saying that three gentlemen in his town would take the War Cry weekly if we would change the name to "Peace Cry." Friend, we cannot do it. We are at war with sin and the devil, and shall be till he goes back to his own place. Our object is peace, but it is war to bring it about all the time.

The Band of Love is on a good footing in several of the Corps in the Central Ontario Province, but Adjutant Stanyon anticipates seeing it going in every Corps. The Adjutant and Mrs. Stanyon are open to explain this branch of the work at every opportunity. It can be made a splendid Auxiliary to the Senior Work.

We learn from Major Gaskin that the regular report forms from the North-West Province reach the Territorial Office prompt on time almost without intermission. When they are a day or two late on account of such things as a wash-out, a blizzard and so on, there is always a letter of apology or explanation for delay.

Adjutants Bradley and Moore, of the Central Ontario Province, have purchased bicycles, and find them very useful. So much more red-hot soul-saving visitation can be done by means of the wheel. Don't let the devil monopolize the wheel. Get it consecrated to the glory of God and the Salvation of sinners.

The "Monitor" says, "Don't trample the War Cry under foot on the platform and do not lend the Crys to Soldiers or friends. They should be bought and paid for. (Hear, hear, so they should.) Space for representation equal to three words to every ten Crys is guaranteed in the War Cry for Corps in the Territory. No Corps need be afraid of being crowded out.

HANDY FOR THE TREASURER: A useful Monthly form has been invented by Major Southall which is sent to each Corps, showing the amount charged the Corps for rent, War Cry sales, Sick and Wounded, etc., and also the amounts paid. Of course, when there happens to be a deficit, this is also shown stirring up the minds of those responsible by way of remembrance.

Staff-Captain Turner, the Chancellor of West Ontario, who has seen the Salvation Army at the Crystal Palace, and, according to Brigadier Bennett's account, was lost in wonder, love and praise at the magnificent sight, sends the Editor the following, which explains itself:

"I sail for Canada on August 7th, and will give you the promised notes on my arrival. Yours,

"W. J. TURNER."

"P. S. Enjoying myself very much."

"THERE CAN BE NO REJOICINGS OF VICTORY WITHOUT FIRST ENCOUNTERING THE STERN FACTS OF WAR."—Major Southall in [illegible]

"THE BEST YET"

Is the Army's Motto for the Harvest Festival Thanksgiving, 1897.

DATES:

ONTARIO—
August 28th to 31st.

EASTERN and WESTERN PROVINCES—
September 11th to 14th.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS—

CAPTAIN BABBINGTON, to be Ensign at Helena, Mont.

CAPTAIN STEVENS, of Dillon, to be Ensign at Nelson, B. C.

CADET LAWES, of Bridgewater, to be Lieutenant.

CADET COWAN, of Lunenburg, to be Lieutenant.

CADET DUNN, of Chatham, N. B., to be Lieutenant.

CADET GRAY, of St. John II., N. B., to be Lieutenant.

CADET BARRITT, of Toronto VI., to be Lieutenant at Kingston.

CADET PHILLIPS, Spokane T. G., to be Lieutenant at New Westminster, B. C.

CADET BURTON, of St. John III., N. B., to be Lieutenant.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Commissioner.

WAR CRY

THE BEST YET.

A WEEK FROM THE DATE of this War Cry the great Territorial Campaign in connection with the Harvest Festival Thanksgiving will commence. The last page of the Hand-Book supplies an excellent text for all who are taking action in this endeavor, namely, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" and we have the utmost confidence that this will be the spirit in which the Salvation Army throughout the Territory will go to War. The conditions of successful warfare are well understood both by our Officers and Soldiers; we are, too, a united force, full of love, loyalty and confidence to God and the Flag. This being so, and with every person's eye single to the glory of God, and every sense alert to seize the opportunity presented by this magnificent Campaign for furthering the interests of the Kingdom, we feel safe in prophesying a result in keeping with the Field Commissioner's faith for the Campaign as expressed in the motto for the Harvest Festival,—"THE BEST YET."

THE ANNIVERSARY.

THE FIFTEENTH anniversary of the commencement of Salvation Army operations in this Territory will be celebrated by Six Days' Mammoth Meetings in the early part of September at Toronto. All Ontario Officers, as well as hosts of Local Officers and Soldiers, are expected to be present. Most, if not all, of the Provincial Officers will also be present, and the Field Commissioner, Miss Booth, will lead the public meetings. We look confidently for a glorious outpouring of Salvation during these great gatherings, and invite the prayerful co-operation of all who read these lines that this may be brought about. A beautiful work has been going on at some of the Corps in Toronto for a considerable time. We trust that not only Toronto, but the country for miles will receive a distinct and powerful spiritual impetus through the keeping of the 15th Anniversary.

H. F. HAND-BOOK, 1897.

THE MAN who put the first set of railway metals down did a vast deal for the cause of swift locomotion. Just imagine what the journey would be behind some of the last locomotives of to-day without the aid of the iron rails. What the iron rails have done for locomotion the Harvest Festival Hand-Book will do for our great Campaign. It lays down the lines so clearly that whatever Corps travels upon them is certain to reach this year's terminus, the name of which is "THE BEST YET." The Hand-Book is tastefully and neatly gotten up, has a contents list, and supplies its information in such a shape that it can be found without any difficulty. We commend the Book to our Officers with every confidence that they will find it every bit as useful as we have stated above.

HARVEST FESTIVAL ALPHABET.

THE HAND-BOOK, that invaluable guide to the Harvest Festival Campaign, contains the following alphabetical list of the good things the Salvation Army is open to receive in order to push on the Salvation War. The list will not only be good for those who are collecting, but for those who have things to give, it is as follows:

Apples, Apricots, Aprons, Albums, Almonds, Allspice.

Bicycles, Brooms, Belts, Beans, Barley, Buckwheat, Beef, Boots, Books, Brushes, Berries, Beds, Bass, Bibles, Blue, Bells, Brooches, Burners, Bananas, Blouses, Belts, Balls, Boxes (handkerchief), Birds, Bread, Butter, Boilers, Burnishers, Buns, Blinds.

Cabbage, Corn, Cauliflower, Canned Meats, Citrons, Caramels, Camphor, Chalk, Cucumbers, Carpet, Cheese, Carrots, Caps, Capes, Combs, Cages, Crockery, Coffee, Celery, Concertinas, Cups, Cream, Canned Fruits, Cake, Colanders, Crochet work, Crumpets, Chickens, Cherries, Canes, Churns, Capers, Currants, Chairs, Coal, Cotton.

Dishes, Ducks, Dolls, Duster-bags, Door Knobs, Dinner Pails, Dippers, Dogs, Dates, Dumb-Bells.

Eggs, Evergreens.

Figs, Fowls, Fish, Feathers, Flour, Flannel, Feather-dusters, Fruits, Fly-poison, Fry-pans, Fruits, Flowers, Frames (picture), Fire-lighters.

Geese, Groceries, Grapes, Ginger, Guitars.

Hops, Hats, Hardware, Handkerchiefs, Honey, Harps.

Jam, Jelly, Jackets, Jew's-harps, Jelly-moulds.

Knives and Forks.

Lamps, Lard, Lamb, Letter-press, Licorice, Locks.

Mutton, Meats, Molasses, Musical instruments, Mittens, Maskilonge, Mirrors, Mats, Meal, Moccasins, Melons, Maps.

Napkins, Nuts, Nutmeg.

Onions, Oats, Oatmeal, Oranges.

Pork, Pike, Pickerel, Perch, Pincushions, Pears, Pincers, Potatoes, Pickles, Parsnips, Pumpkins, Pictures, Purses, Pencils, Pins, Pepper, Parrots, Peas, Plums.

Razors, Rice, Rye, Roses, Roots, Radishes.

Sausages, Salmon, Sturgeon, Salt, Soap, Sugar, Shoes, Socks, Scarfs, Shirts, Slippers, Spoons, Stationery, Squash, Sage, Syrup.

Trout, Tinware, Turnips, Tomatoes, Tablecloths, Tidies, Towels, Tubs, Tea.

Watermelons, Wheat, Whitefish.

A REAPER WHOSE NAME IS DEATH.

GOD SUSTAIN the bereaved! The English War Cry announces Commissioner and Mrs. Nicol's loss of their daughter Nellie, through diptheria. On behalf of those who know the Commissioner, either personally or through his writings, we send this note of sympathy with the earnest hope that the other little one, who at the time of Brigadier Bennett's departure, was suffering from the same dread complaint, may recover. We sympathize, too, and send condolence to Captain Lizzie Branigan, from whom we have just received the following:

Dundas, August 7th, 1897.

My dear Brigadier:—
Just a line to let you know that father passed peacefully away at half-past five yesterday afternoon (Friday 6th.) The funeral is on Sunday at three o'clock. God bless you! Pray for me.
Yours in Him,
LIZZIE BRANIGAN.

Revival Fire in the East.

Major Pugmire Leading on—Remarkable Scenes Sixteen Souls

(Wire.)

Amherst, N. S., Aug 9th.

Editor War Cry,
Salvation Temple,
Toronto.

MAJOR PUGMIRE just closed unparalleled week-end. Town greatly stirred. Glorious and victorious day of Salvation; tent gorged; extra benches borrowed from Skating Rink. Crowds turned away; all classes represented; powerful meeetings; congregations visibly moved by Major's powerful eloquence and thrilling addresses; waves of Glory; remarkable scene, cries, tears, victory! Sixteen souls; numbers request prayers; enthusiasm unbounded; powerful open-airs; finances up. Details later.—M. A. S.

TYPICAL NEWFOUNDLAND SOUL-SAVING.

(Special).

INDIAN ARM, NFLD.—Since last report we have had victory in seeing six souls born for God. While visiting Birchey Island in our little boat, we had the joy of pointing one man to Jesus. He had a hard struggle to get the victory, but thank God, after all night singing and praying, the joy came in the morning. Glory to God!
Cadet Downey, for Lieut. Ford.

Temple.

Adjutant and Mrs. Stanyon were to the front all day Sunday. Meetings soul-refreshing, characterized by holy liberty, freedom and enthusiasm. Eight souls at Jesus' feet. To Him be all the glory!

— THE TOUR —
OF THE
C.O. PROVINCIAL OFFICER

Orillia, Aug. 5th, '97.

BRACEBRIDGE meetings marvellous. Eighteen souls in all. Triumphant Councils. Soldiers revived. Hallelujah Wedding ended in two at the Cross. Town Hall well-filled Sunday afternoon and night. Beautiful open-airs. Summer lighting excellent. Holiness Convention fourteen crying for mercy. Ensign and Mrs. Jones have good hold. Just arrived Orillia. Splendid prospects. City firemen greeted us publicly. Full of sanguine expectations for Harvest Festival all over Province.—P. O.

* * * *

LATER:—Orillia Campaign just ended. Grand time. Mr. Thompson, Army friend, supplied free tickets for lake ride on his boat. Soldiers' and friends' tea very good. Two souls. Bright prospects for Harvest Festival. Three splendid sessions Officers' Councils. Off to Lindsay.

* * * *

STILL LATER.—(August 9th): Lindsay Welcome most beautiful and appropriate. Band of Love children sang us a welcome song. Great crowd on the street and inside Saturday night. Twenty-one at Knee-Drill, with one at the Cross. Four seeking mercy at the Holiness meeting. Big a[…] listened to Mrs. Read's account [of Res]cue Work in afternoon. Splen[did Sal]vation meeting at night, wit[h …] souls. Huge expectations for [a glori]ous finish to the tour.—P. O.

A WORD to Each Offi[cer] and Soldier

Re HAR[VEST F]ESTIVAL.

The love, as well as the [lo]y[al] heart bears you, makes me rely upon you implicitly f[or the succ]ess of the H.F. in your corps, and to reckon upon you d[oing all th]at lies in your power, and, by the grace of our Lord Jes[us, in] winning such a victory as shall gladden the hearts o[f your co]mrades-in-arms around the world, strengthening the [Army's po]sition, and bringing glory to God. I look to, and rely up[on you for] this. God bless you.

Yours, with you in th[e …] conquering love,

Evangeline Booth

Field Commissioner.

Harvest Festival Gleanin[gs]

FROM THE CHIEF SECRET[ARY].

HARVEST FESTIVAL is th[e key]note. The printers have been a[…] in it lately, and have rolled o[ut …] collecting carrds, 500 Target[s …] Posters, 350 Hand-Books, 35[0 …] Cards and 350 Envelopes, wh[ile the] Field Commissioner, the Chief [Secre]tary, the General Secretary, an[d a] few stenographers have been […] engaged in planning, scheming[, …]ing and rushing to make th[is an] eclipsing effort of years.

By the time the matter has [passed] through the hands of the Pos[tal au]thorities, the Provincial Office[rs, the] District Officers, and the Field O[fficers,] who in turn will have added thei[r share] of planning, scheming and p[…] the scheme will have reached [a mag]nitude hitherto unsurpassed as [far as] organization is concerned. NO[W FOR] AN EQUAL ADVANCE IN [THE] RETURNS.

Let no one be misled, and bec[ause of] better machinery being provid[ed for]get that it needs running, oili[ng …] in order to produce the arti[…]

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the Holiness meeting. Big audience listened to Mrs. Read's account of Rescue Work in afternoon. Splendid Salvation meeting at night, with TWO souls. Huge expectations for a glorious finish to the tour.—P. O.

Harvest Festival Gleanings.

FROM THE CHIEF SECRETARY.

HARVEST FESTIVAL is the keynote. The printers have been absorbed in it lately, and have rolled off 16,000 collecting cards, 500 Targets, 1,500 Posters, 350 Hand-Books, 350 Post-Cards and 350 Envelopes, while the Field Commissioner, the Chief Secretary, the General Secretary, and not a few stenographers have been busily engaged in planning, scheming, writing and rushing to make this the ecliping effort of yours.

By the time the matter has passed through the hands of the Postal authorities, the Provincial Officers, the District Officers, and the Field Officers, who in turn will have added their share of planning, scheming and pushing, the scheme will have reached a magnitude hitherto unsurpassed as far as organization is concerned. NOW FOR AN EQUAL ADVANCE IN REAL RETURNS.

Let no one be misled, and because of better machinery being provided, forget that it needs running, oiling, etc., in order to produce the article for which the machinery has been manufactured. We rely upon the Field side of affairs to RUN, OIL, STOKE and STEER it now that it has been dispatched from Territorial Headquarters.

Not only do we believe that we have better machinery, but we are strongly of the opinion that it has been, so far, and will be to the end of the effort, produced and pushed at considerably less cost than heretofore. We are learning and improving as we mend.

The Hand-Book is a beauty. The unanimous verdict pronounced upon it by those who have had opportunity to investigate its merits is thoroughly in keeping with the very proper motto for this year's Campaign which the Hand-Book bears, "The Best Yet."

The Target, too, is a good hit. One Officer could not understand whatever the broken wrung could mean. A Staff Officer explained it in this way: "You see those wrungs, each represent a year. On each wrung the Harvest Festival record for that particular year is to be entered, the whole forming a record of amounts raised by the Corps since the commencement of Harvest Festival in 1892. The broken wrung between '96 and '97 means there is to be another break in the record this year." See!

Yes, it could scarcely be otherwise with such a front row of "record-breakers" as our worthy Provincial Officers represent. Think of them and their past achievements. Remember, too, that they are backed by an ambitious, daring crowd of heros and heroines than whom you would have to honeycomb the world to find another such a conquering battalion as the glorious array of District Officers and Field Officers. God speed them!

But cannot this year's Harvest Festival meetings, on the Sunday, be made the very best for soul-saving? Last year one Corps got 21 souls. That was a good stroke, for saving souls is, and ever must be, the FIRST business of the Salvation Army, whether it be at a Harvest Festival, a Wedding, a Musical Meeting, or a Dedication. Then go for SOULS.

The Field Commissioner, while she has the fullest confidence in her Officers and troops, is, nevertheless, most anxious to see the Target taken, the Financial situation relieved, the soul-saving record broken, and the pathway cleared for another march forward to the rescue of the fallen, to the relief of the distressed and to the physical, social, and spiritual Salvation of those who are helplessly bound and fettered with the manacles of vice, sin and shame.

A WORD to Each Officer and Soldier

Re HARVEST FESTIVAL.

The love, as well as the heart bears you, makes me rely upon you implicitly for success of the H.F. in your corps, and to reckon upon you doing all that lies in your power, and, by the grace of our Lord Jesus, winning such a victory as shall gladden the hearts of comrades-in-arms around the world, strengthening the hands of Salvation, and bringing glory to God. I look to, and rely upon you for this. God bless you.

Yours, with you in the conquering love,

Eva Booth

Field Commissioner.

UP WITH THE FLAG!

ST. GEORGES, Bermuda, was opened on Thursday, July 29th.

Barrie Barracks, which was injured by fire, is to be repaired at once.

MISS BOOTH

WILL CONDUCT

GREAT ANNUAL ANNIVERSARY

Public Gatherings

AND

Officers' Councils

In TORONTO

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th, to THURSDAY, SEPT. 9th (Inclusive).

Cheap Railway Rates.

Full particulars later.

NOTE. — Officers needing billets apply to Brigadier Read. Billets cannot be guaranteed after August 25th.

SOMETHING TO ANNOUNCE.

"HARVEST FESTIVAL GLEANINGS,"—(By the Chief Secretary).

"YOU'VE DONE WELL, DO BETTER."—(Article by Brigadier Margetts).

IMPOTENT.—(Holiness Article by Ensign Kenning).

"A VISIT TO THE MOTHER-LAND. A TALK WITH BRIGADIER BENNETT.

"A RICH MAN'S CHANCE."—A Prayer-Meeting Incident.—(By Ensign Kenning).

NEWS FROM THE PROVINCES.

WAR ECHOES.

WORLD-WIDE NEWS, etc.

SERIAL STORIES.—"DAD SLOSS," and "SCOTCH JANET."

SONGS FOR ALL MEETINGS.

D. O's DESPATCHES.

JAMESTOWN, N. D.

The work is progressing favorably in Jamestown District. Souls are being saved every week, also Soldiers added to the roll. I have just recently visited Oakes, and had the pleasure of enrolling twelve Recruits, who show every sign of making good Blood-and-Fire Soldiers. Five more Soldiers have also been added to the permanent roll in Jamestown. May many more follow! This four days' visit from Ensign McKenzie has been a blessing to all. The talking machine took well. A crowded house. People much delighted. Yours fighting to win,

Ensign Minnie Greene, D. O.

GRAND FORKS DISTRICT, N.D.

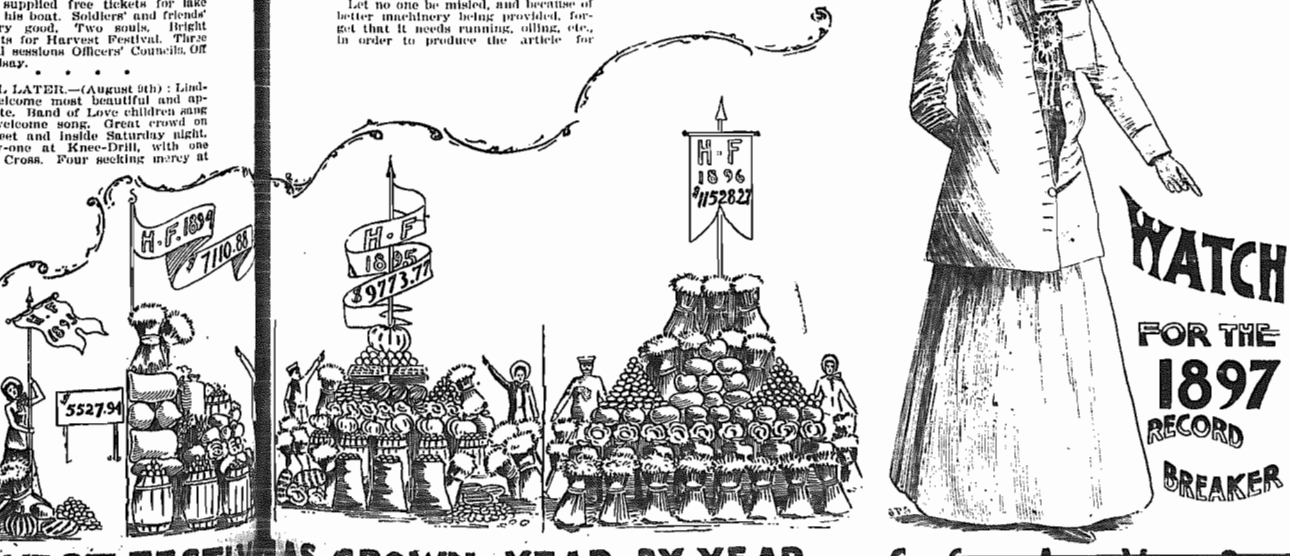
We have just closed a very happy week-end at Grand Forks. Ensign Hob Smith, the new Junior Soldier Sergeant for the Western Province, paid us his first visit. We also had Sergeant-Major Lenton and wife, from Jamestown, who drove from there here. The testimonies from both of them were beautiful indeed. The Sergeant-Major said that he had received a letter from his grandfather in England, who was 90 years of age, and who proved Salvation was good, whilst he, his wife, and all their family down to four years of age, all found Jesus precious. Three souls sought victory in the various meetings. Lieutenant Barrager has arrived to help us.

I am now at Larimore, where we had a most blessed meeting last night. Two good, sensible-looking men volunteered to the penitent-form and got gloriously saved. This Corps has had its first enrolment, also colours presented. The Officers, three in number, are well in their souls, and united to win. Our District is booming.

ALICE GOODWIN, D. O.

SHERBROOKE DISTRICT.

Praise the Lord! Yes, thank God, I am in Sherbrooke District and Corps. They call it a hard Corps or place to do any practical work for God and souls. Well, looking through some people's goggles, I could see lots of difficulties. I used to look through that young man's eyes in II. Kings, vi., 15 (servant of the man of God.) Praise God my eyes have been opened. I am living in the 17th verse now. I find God is a mighty host. God is helping us wonderfully. My whole heart is in this place. I am sure of victory. He has not forsaken this place. God is giving us the money to pay His debts with. What we want, and what we are praying for day and night, is souls. We are bound to have them. God is going to save souls in Sherbrooke! Amen! We have been here now about three weeks. Best meeting last night. Strong conviction. I am just longing to get around the District. Captain Nyland is my Captain. We are happy and in for a good fight.—H. C. Kendall.



VEST FESTIVAL GROWN YEAR BY YEAR

BATTLE BULLETINS

Moosomin, N.W.T.

Good time Sunday. One soul. Hallelujah!—R. J. and L. T., C. O's.

Campbellford.

One dear brother volunteered for God in our Holiness meeting. God wonderfully saved him. He is now praising God. Halleluljah!
Dora Cole, Reg. Cor.

Chesterville.

Praise God for victory! Since last report seven souls have cried to God for mercy, and they are getting along beautiful. Praise God! We give God the glory and march on!—Lieutenant McFarlane for Captain Meikle.

Peterboro.

God is our strength. Times of blessing. God is with us. Sunday all day wonderful meetings; sinners convicted of their sins. To God we give all the glory, and go on for greater things in the future. Yours interested,
Sergt. May Lang.

Moose Jaw, N.W.T.

Farewell Lieutenant Hall; Captain Hall takes charge. In one open-air on Sunday, $7.25 collection was voluntarily given. Advancing!
J. H. Middagh, R. C.

Dillon, Mont.

We are thanking God for the victories of the past week. The converts are getting along good. They have in them the making of good Soldiers. We thank God for it, and go on to fight the battles of the Lord. Weather very warm. Crowds somewhat decreased, but we are holding on in faith. Yours in the fight.—M. A. Wale.

Montreal II.

God is helping us to pay off our back debt. We have been able during the past week to pay over sixty dollars of it, leaving us still something like fifty dollars. We trust that God will help us to get that paid soon. Sunday, one soul found Christ. Praise God!
One Who as There.

Picton, Ont.

We had an Ice-Cream Social and Children's Jubilee. The songs sung by the Juniors were much appreciated. God bless the dear Juniors! They are doing nicely. We are having victory in the Junior work. Since last report we have had three souls. Hallelujah! To God be all the glory! We are in for victory!
Lieut. Dora for Capt. Comstock.

Hespeler, Ont.

We have just had a grand week-end. We had with us Captain Bentley, who opened the work in this place last October. Crowds good; finances good; nine souls saved.
Capt. W. Huntington.

Newcastle.

The fighting during these months is trying, but we feel that while we fight in the power of an Almighty God we shall conquer. The Ensign leaves us for a very much-needed furlough, and we earnestly pray that he shall return to us perfectly restored to health and strength.—Reg. Cor.

Port Hope.

Ensign Sims with us. He and Ensign Fox visited several villages with the Graphophone; enjoyed by all. Arrived in town Saturday quite safe and none the worse, after a run through fields and over fences. Good times here Saturday and Sunday. Large crowds. Come again, Ensign!
Annie, Reg. Cor.

The Police Came to See What Was Up.

GALT.—After fighting hard for two months, our Officers say farewell. We pray God may abundantly bless them. The meetings all day Sunday were good, especially the Salvation meeting at night. It was one that will be long remembered. The Band and Soldiers all to the front. The three-weeks'-old volunteers did some grand fighting. One sister volunteered from the back of the hall, and when she got the victory we all knew it; (she is well blessed with lung power.) God bless her! Everybody was happy. Some one said, "Such a racket, they couldn't understand it." The Police came to see what was up. Deserters and critics felt the fire. The devil got mad, but God was with us. In fact, the whole town was moved. To our God be all [illegible]

Kingston.

During the week nineteen have sought sanctification and four pardon and Salvation. Going on to victory.
W. H. Byers, Adjutant.

Kalispell, Mont.

Praise God for victory. One soul saved since last report. Crowds and interest good. Yours in His service.
A. E. Seely, Captain.

Dildo, Nfld.

The three weeks spent here have been a blessed time. Open-air meetings causing quite a stir. Three backsliders returned to the fold. We are in for victory.—S. Winsor, Captain; E. Ashford, Lieutenant.

Pearceton, Que.

Since last report we have been very busy, working up the Jubilee scheme. Notwithstanding the extreme heat and rain, which poured down, we had a nice crowd out to our Ice-Cream Social. We smashed our target. Praise God! War Crys all sold.
E. Dodge, Lieutenant.

Springhill, N S.

We are having grand times here. Last week three good cases of conversion. Saturday and Sunday other three. They come on the march and testify in meetings. Praise God! God is working and the Holy Ghost is resting upon the people. Open-airs good, with good crowds. We are believing that Springhill will rise and shine. God bless you! Yours, etc.,
C. H. Weller, Reg. Cor.

Wyoming.

Last Sunday we were pleased to welcome our District Officer, Ensign MacKenzie, to our town. While here she commissioned five locals. We rejoice over seeing two precious souls won for God. Yours fighting on,
Captain Blakeway.

Missoula, Mont.

Had a grand time at the Corps on Sunday night, ending up with two backsliders plunging into the Fountain. One was an ex-Officer, who testified that he was glad that he had again found Christ to be the only satisfying portion of the soul of man. The Brigadier will be with us on July the 21st.—J. H. Frost, Reg. Cor.

Fargo, N.D.

Thank God we are still alive here and going ahead with all our might. God is blessing us. One of our Soldiers walks six miles to get to knee-drill. God bless him! Ensign McKenzie was here with his wonderful talking machine, and the people were all pleased with it. Since last report three souls have cried for pardon. Glory to God!
—Annie Lindberg, for Ens. Thomas.

Freeport, N.S.

The meetings this past week have been times of blessing. One soul has sought the Saviour. Many more are convicted. We are believing for them soon. We have a good lot of Soldiers They are one with us in for victory. —J. Pittman, Capt.; F. McLeod, Lieut.

Woodstock, Ont.

Hallelujah! Meetings during week well attended. All day Sunday the Lord was with us in power and helped us in a marvellous way. At night He honored our faith by giving us eight souls. Praise His Name!

"He is just the same to-day,
Seeking those who've gone astray;
Saving souls along the way,
Thank Him, He's just the same to-day."

J. Paul, Reg. Cor.

WESTERN BAY, NFLD., is having victory. Nine souls in two weeks.
Susie Way, Lieutenant.

Annapolis, N S.

We are still alive for God, and mean victory. Owing to the warm weather we cannot get the crowd inside, so we conduct our meetings (especially our Saturday night's) in "Father's Cathedral." Lots of room there, and we have good crowds and good attention.
L. Penny, Ensign.

Gananoque.

Praise God! During the hot weather we are having some beautiful open-airs. God is with us, and we have proved that he is more than all that can be against us. Bless him! Two prodigals got sorry of their wanderings, and returned home.
J. T. Funnell, Reg. Cor.

New Westminster.

Brigadier Howell and Staff-Captain Watson paid us a visit, and we gave them a hearty welcome. Captain Stalker and Cadet Prentice have farewelled to open up the work in Alaska Hallelujah! One soul, who has been holding out against God for a long time, came to Him, and now rejoices in the knowledge of sins forgiven.
E. Murckie.

$2 for Twenty-one "Crys."

EDMONTON.—We had a change of Officers. Captain Perkins, to take charge, has not arrived. She took sick on her way. Somewhat short-handed, but Jesus is our strength. Glory to God! Lieutenant Graham sold 21 War Crys to one man, and got $2. Had a wax doll, for open-air collection, which was sold by auction shortly afterwards on the street corner.—H. Kreiger, Cor.

Owen Sound.

Brigadier and Mrs. Read and Adjutant Hay's visit to our town was enjoyed by all. A most blessed influence was felt in all the meetings; souls were saved, God's people were quickened, and we are all encouraged to go on. Last Sunday morn at knee-drill one poor soul came to Jesus. "Lord, keep him faithful!"
Alice Charlton, Captain.

Herring Neck, Nfld.

We rejoice over many precious souls won for the Master. We had a visit from our District Officer, Ensign McRae, and his little bandsman, A. McMillan. They spent Sunday with us. An enrolment took place in the afternoon, and at night two more came to Jesus and got saved. God is giving us victory also among the children.
S. Clark, Lieutenant.

Liverpool N.S.

During the past four weeks, Liverpool has been moved. Three hundred souls have sought the Lord in the Evangelistic services held here by Revs. Crossly and Hunter. Out of that number we've received twenty names: the majority of these shall be made into Soldiers. Much prejudice has been swept away during these services. We're getting a firmer hold upon the town and people. Rev. H—— led the meetings in the Barracks on Saturday. Good crowd and collection; two souls. We're marching on.
Captain Mrs. Parsons.

Sudbury.

After spending over fourteen months in this town, orders arrive to farewell. We would gladly stay longer if we could. During our stay we have done no begging and never taken up a second collection at a meeting. We thank our dear Soldiers and friends for the noble way they have stood by us and we thank God for what has been done spiritually. Good-bye, Sudbury. God bless you all!—Ensign Taylor.

Halifax I.

Grand open-air meetings; large crowds stand to listen to the story of Jesus and His wondrous love. They help us quite a bit financially. Adjutant Aikenhead has started united Corps public meetings for Monday nights. The first one at No. II. Corps was quite a success. She is a real, live, Holy Ghost Officer, and is getting hold of the people. Soldiers are being quickened, backsliders are coming home. On Sunday night two souls knelt at the Cross for pardon and deliverance. May the Lord help us as Soldiers to rally around the Cross, and to help Jesus to save a dying world.
Secretary Cashin.

Greenspond, Nfld.

We are still having good, soul-refreshing times, although many of our Soldiers and friends are away. Captain and Lieutenant have farewelled. (Jesus is the same!) Our crowds are good, and best of all, souls are getting saved. Soldiers and converts keeping true. The Soldiers and friends look well after the temporal needs of their Officers. God bless them! This week we welcome Captains Hiscock and Lieutenant Mercer. We shall win! The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God! On the Queen's Jubilee we had a real Jubilee to our souls; even the unsaved were heard to remark it was the best meeting for years.
Ensign Janet Ebsary, D. O.

Sarnia.

On June 21st was a welcome meeting to Major and Mrs. Southall. Crowds very good and collections to match. Every one delighted with the Major's talk on the future success of the Army, also the singing and guitar accompaniment by Mrs. Southall. We all say, "Come again, Major and Mrs. Southall." Yesterday (Sunday) was a good day. Captain Hawkins with us on his way to Winnipeg. Good finish at night, with three souls in the Fountain. The glory we give to Jesus!—Hattie M. Scott, Ensign.

Midland, Ont

I have just returned from Midland, where we had a very enjoyable time. A grand time Sunday night and wound up with two souls in the Fountain, also a Hallelujah jig. We had a good meeting on Monday night and two more souls. On Thursday we had an enrolment and one more soul sought pardon. Friday night was the crowning time, when two came out for the blessing of a clean heart, making a total of seven for the week. To God be all the glory! Captain Howcroft and her Lieutenant and brave Soldiers are making the devil take a back seat in Midland.—W. A. Harris, S.-M., Barrie, Ont.

Wallaceburg.

We had our new District Officer, Ensign Orchard, with us for Monday night. It was wet. Did we march? Well, yes, we did, and we had an open-air meeting, too. Some one danced right on the street, so did the Ensign, and so did a poor drunk, who seemed to think we were a happy lot of people. The people crowded round and stood watching in all the rain. Inside we had a nice time, one aged brother, a convert of two weeks, standing and telling how God had told him at the penitent-form to give up his tobacco, after having used it for years. "It was hard at first," he said, "but now I don't want it." Truly God is a wonderful Deliverer.—Capt. J. Crawford, Lieut. J. Sitzer.

Temple Corps.

Our new leader, Ensign Alward, has made a good start and won the people's confidence already. Some remarkable conversions are taking place; one in particular was a young man just out of Kingston Penitentiary. He had spent a total of fifteen years behind the bars. It was while serving a term of seven years in Kingston that he attended a meeting led by the Field Commissioner, at which meeting conviction was first brought to his soul by the singing of Little Willie, the Commissioner's adopted boy. On his release from Kingston he made his way to the Temple Barracks and got gloriously converted. At the close of the meeting a woman, dressed in the height of fashion, came to the penitent-form and sought Salvation. She proved to be a backslidden ex-Officer.
J. F. Zurhorst, Reg. Cor.

Petrolea.

What a great bustling time we had waiting to welcome Major and Mrs. Southall to our famous Oil City! Quaint indeed was the march with the Salvation Army maids dressed up in their yellow, green and white costumes. The Major was all on fire, and and spoke to the point, and woe to the wriggling big sinners whose attention wandered.

Mrs. Southall and her little sweet daughter Ethel sang very nicely. The Officers from the district being in, the Council led by Ensigns MacKenzie and Raynor were enjoyed. The great sorrow and never-to-be-forgotten disappointment was that Major did not get there in time to lead it. The Lemon Pie after-meeting was hailed with delight. Two worthy Officers have said good-bye to us, Ensign Raynor for bonnie Galt, and Captain Charlie Heckin for the North-West. God is leading the braves of Petrolea and brightening the way."—"Betty."

Joe Beef's Canteen.

MONTREAL IV.—Sunday's meetings were good. The meeting in the morning in French and English was a blessed time. Adjutant Robert leading the French and Ensign Ross the English Soldiers. Ensign Ross's words, "Salvation for the Present," were straight and good, (which made the writer shout "Glory!") The open-air meeting in the afternoon was grand. Oh, how those sailors and dock laborers drank in the solo by Sister Hills (Mrs. Ensign Ross's sister) "To heal the broken heart He came." Can we tell the value of these meetings by what we see done? No! Eternity alone will reveal. Our motto is, "Onward and Trust."—W. J. Blitch, for Mrs. Ensign Ross.

Pembroke.

Again we are shouting victory in this part of the vineyard. God is wonderfully blessing us. Finished Sunday night with two souls, praising God for liberty. The old-time religion was felt, Soldiers shouting happy. We give God all the Glory.—Captain Ward and Lieutenant Sleether.

Lippincott.

Hallelujah ! The past few weeks we have been having wonderful times in our open-air work. The Soldiers are all on fire and we are believing that much good is going to be accomplished. Cadets all at Hamilton Councils, and are more than ever determined to fight the devil wherever he presents himself. Victory is ours. I believe.

Clara Mainprize, Cadet.

Brandon.

Victory ! Victory ! ! Victory ! ! ! Great and wonderful meetings on Saturday and Sunday led by Major Collier. God was with us in power, saving and sanctifying souls. Sunday we had three for sanctification, two for Salvation and one prodigal returned-Hallelujah ! We go from victory to victory.—Adjutant MacNamara, Lieut. Stobbs.

St. Thomas.

Camp meetings have been good. Attendance and collections good, and three souls. Major and Mrs. Southall went down splendid. Their first visit was a great blessing. Captains Smith and Hoddinott just kept us full of fresh Salvation songs. Catherine Josephine Arkett was dedicated to the Lord. Then that ice-cream also disappeared.—Adjutant Arkett.

Great Falls.

We have beene fighting four weeks without Officers, but we are believing to get some soon. God is blessing us. Last Saturday night we had two ministers on the platform with us. They spoke very earnestly for souls. After meeting we cleared the nice sum of sixteen dollars at the Social. Sunday God gave us one soul : good case, and likely to make a good Soldier. Yours under the Blood and Fire,—Mollie Fentie, Sergeant-Major.

Owen Sound Revived.

Huge time here yesterday. Splendid reception at the wharf Saturday night. Big crowds out-door and inside. Splendid free-will offerings, best for months. Deep interest among the people. Press notices good. Private Soldiers' Council very inspiring. Five for the blessing and six for Salvation. Feversham Comrades drove 40 miles and nobly assisted. God mightily helped the Brigadier and Mrs. Read. Soldiers and converts stirred. Officers on fire for souls.

J. W. Hay.

Ottawa.

Praise God for another week of victory, with souls in the Fountain and the devil defeated. Hallelujah ! Thursday, 29th July, a backslider, deeply convicted, came to Jesus and found pardon. Sunday, August 1st, was a day of real spiritual war with the powers of darkness. God gave us the victory, with seven souls crying for mercy at His feet. Two were Juniors. God bless the Juniors ! God is working ; the Gospel truths are burning ; sinners and backsliders convicted. Glory to God !—A. French, Cor.

Lisbon, N D]

Praise God, we are still on the move. Lieutenant Tongue has gone to new fields of labor and Captain Petch has taken his place. The Lord is giving us victory right along ; souls are getting saved and believers getting victory. Hallelujah ! Officers and two Comrades were out to Enderlin. Had a good time. People very curious to get a first glimpse of the Salvation Army. Some boys wanted to know "Was it all going to be to-night ?" We mean to tell them of Jesus.

Captains Habkirk and Petch.

Belleville, Ont.

We have to conduct most of our public meetings in the open-air, as we are having our Barracks altered inside. The Hallelujah carpenter (Lieutenant Currie) has arrived, and has taken hold of the carpenter work in the Barracks. It will be some weeks before the alterations will be completed. We are having good meetings. Two souls out for a clean heart in the Holiness meeting on Sunday morning. Knee-drills and Soldiers' meetings are good. Hallelujah ! War Crys on the rise, and we mean to win, by the grace of God.—Peter, for Ensign and Mrs. McHarg.

Lisgar Street.

Last Sunday we had the privilege of standing shoulder to shoulder on the battlefield with the warriors of Lisgar Street. We fought together, prayed together, believed together and rejoiced together over the God-sent blessings we received, also over the ten souls whose names were entered upon Heaven's roll-book.

Smiles, tears and hallelujahs abounded as we counted six young men—bright and intelligent, surrender themselves to our King. Our faith says we shall hear more of them in the future. May God make them into saints, Soldiers and soul-winners !—Tom and Carrie Stanyon, Adjutants.

Point St. Charles.

Montreal II. had a very successful Ice-Cream Social on Wednesday last, when the Officers, Band and part of the Corps came over from No. 1, together with the Officers from the French Corps, Rescue Home and Lighthouse to lend them a helping hand. Quite an enjoyable time was spent, and a good crowd partook of the Ice-Cream. About sixteen dollars was cleared on the Social. When Captains Hill and Millsom came to take charge of the Point, there was a debt of $130 to face, but with the help of God and push and energy of those Officers, they have raised $50 already, only being there a little over a month, and notwithstanding Captain Millsom's illness during that time.

"One from No. 1."

HELPS FOR J. S. WORKERS.

August 29nd.

ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA.

Acts iv. 31-36, v. 1-11.

ANOTHER PENTECOST.

The blessing which the disciples had received in the upper room was followed by another time of refreshing. It is God's Will that we should continually be coming to Him expecting baptisms of the Holy Ghost—which shall bring us into closer touch with Himself and equip us with power and courage for the helping of dying souls around us.

"THEY SPAKE WITH BOLDNESS."

There was a result to this Pentecost —one that all around them could see. There always is a result when God's children get really blessed in their souls. If you come away from the meetings with the same sad face, the same timidity of speech, the same fear of man, the probability is that you have failed to secure the blessing which God had waiting for you. When the Holy Ghost takes possession of any one, even if they are only ten years old, they are not afraid to speak about God and the things of Eternity.

PRACTICAL BROTHERLY LOVE

These people were not only in a beautiful state of soul, but they had that kind of salvation that crept out into their lives and made them really act as though they loved their neighbor as themselves. All the rich helped the poor, and those who possessed much gold laid the money at the Apostles' feet, who saw that those who possessed little did not lack. This was not what the world calls charity—it was having brotherly love one for the other.

TWO COMPROMISERS.

But amongst the crowd of whole-hearted saints there were two who yielded to a dreadful temptation of the devil. Ananias and Sapphira (for the account reads as if she had equal share in the blame) sold (perhaps for the sake of appearance, certainly not for the love of God) some land. But their greediness kept back part of the price, and Ananias laid only the remainder at the Apostles' feet. Oh ! to what depths of sin greediness will take a soul !

People who keep back part of the price, who perform only half of the sacrifice—only some of the self-denial, are trying to make a compromise or bargain with the Lord, and they will find out their awful mistake sooner or later.

FOUND OUT.

No doubt that Ananias and Sapphira had thought that their sin would never be noticed, that their gift would pass muster amongst the crowd of others. But God gave, as He often does in such cases to His children, special sight to see beneath the surface, and Peter saw that the money Ananias brought was not all. It is not very much use for men to try and hide their sin from God's own children. People who have just received the gift of the Holy Ghost like Peter can read men's characters—and detect their wrong.

LYING TO GOD.

Peter pointed out to Ananias that the most awful part of the whole sad business was lying unto God. It is an awful thing to tell a lie to anybody, but it is most awful when it is told to God.

Those who pretend to have given themselves wholly up to Him, and yet are keeping back for themselves some secret sin or hidden treasure, lie to God. Though they may succeed in deceiving men they can never deceive God, and His judgment must fall upon such if they continue unrepentant.

PUNISHMENT.

The sin of Ananias was a dreadful one, and it received a dreadful punishment. For telling a lie he lost his life. What a lesson to all who are not strictly particular about telling the truth, or who seek to cheat the Kingdom of God out of what they ought to sacrifice.

SAPPHIRA'S FATE.

Sapphira also sinned and was punished. Her end is an awful example to those who agree to sin. Great fear came upon all at the sight of these two, smitten for their wickedness. Let the lesson fill us with a holy fear of untruth and keeping back any of the price.

QUESTIONS.

1. What was the result of this baptism of the Holy Ghost ?

2. How did they show that they loved their neighbour as themselves ?

3. What were the two sins of Ananias and Sapphira and what was their punishment ?

4. To what two classes of people does this story teach a very solemn lesson ?

MEMORY TEXT.

"Thou hast lied not unto men but unto God."

A new Bicycle Factory will be started at London, Ontario.

Seven thousand men will be employed on the Crow's Nest Railway.

A Georgia watermelon weighing 87 lbs. has been sent to President McKinley.

The Massey-Harris Company shipped a consignment of 246 bicycles to Australia.

The Scott Act was defeated in Portency County, Quebec, by a majority of 445 votes.

Mr. Sifton calculates that 10,000 settlers have come into Canada since March of this year.

Viscount Garnet Joseph Wolesley, Field-Marshal-in-Chief of the British Army, is seriously ill.

Dundee is doing quite a large trade in provisions and machinery with the ports on the Yenesei River, Siberia.

A large number of battle-ships, cruisers and torpedo craft are being constructed for Japan in the British shipyards.

Under its new charter, San Francisco, with a population of 350,000, will be ruled by a City Council of twelve and a Mayor.

A search light is to be placed in the Fort at York Redoubt, Halifax, capable of sweeping the open ocean for miles in clear weather.

The German Emperor visited St. Petersburg. He addressed the Czar's Soldiers in Russian, and heard the Band perform his own composition.

The millers are reporting quite a big export demand for Manitoba flour these days, and it is being introduced in all the leading markets of the world.

A storm of mosquitos—millions strong —visited New York City, July 26th. The people were driven from the churches and public entertainments by their attacks.

Twenty prisoners in the Kings County, N. Y., Penitentiary, have become insane since January 1, when the anti-convict labor law went into effect, owing to enforced idleness.

Near Selkirk, in Scotland, the wool has been taken from two sheep, put through the various processes and made up into a suit of clothes ready to wear in seven hours and fifty-five minutes.

A circular recently issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, presenting that country's trade with Cuba, says that four-fifths of the American-Cuban commerce has been destroyed.

The Guelph Weekly Mercury has a very good report of the Army funeral at Guelph, when the body of Sister Mary Maddock, one of the oldest members of the Army in Guelph, was borne to its last resting place.

Governor C. H. McIntosh, of the North-West Territories, says there are fully 9,000 miles of golden water-ways in the region of the Yukon. Rivers, creeks and streams of every size and description, are rich with gold.

The Iron and Coal Trade Review (British,) urges British contractors to be very prompt in filling the rapidly increasing orders from the Orient if they would increase the trade. Day and night work is the rule in many shops.

At Blantyre Village, where David Livingstone, the African missionary and explorer, was born, there has been unveiled a memorial tablet, erected in the gable of the tenement there which was Livingstone's home. Over 3,000 people were present.

It is rumored that Cecil Rhodes and Alfred Beit, a former member of the Board of Contractors of British South Africa Charter Company, have paid the Transvaal Government a quarter of million pounds sterling as an indemnity of the Jameson raid.

The Prime Minister of Spain has been assassinated. The murderer fired three shots at him with a revolver. The wounded man fell to the ground crying, "Assassin ! Long live Spain !" The Premier's wife rushed to his side upon hearing the shots, and bitterly reproached the murderer for his crime. All Europe is shocked by the tragedy.

MISSING

To Parents, Relations and Friends :

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; befriend, or assist, if possible, wronged girls, women, or children, or any person in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH, 16 Albert Street, Toronto, Canada, and mark, "Enquiry" on the envelope.

If possible, send fifty cents to defray a part of the expenses.

We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers and friends will look through the Missing Column regularly, and if they see any cases which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

—:o:—

(First Insertion).

1980. SYNDEN FAMILY. When last heard from, five years ago, lived at Nicolet Falls, Quebec. There was then five in the family, viz., father, mother, two sons and one daughter, by name, Daniel, Frederick and Minnie. Members of the Methodist Church. Father and two sons, machinists.

(Second Insertion).

1972. WELDON, WHITFIELD. Age 21. About 5 ft. 6 in. ; weight about 120 ; red hair and blue eyes. Left Hamilton, Ont., about eleven months ago for the North-West or British Columbia. Sister Maggie dead. Father enquires. Address J. W. Weldon, 23 Woodbine Crescent, Hamilton, Ont.

1974. CAMPBELL, ALEX BENJ. Last heard of was living on Gerrard Street, Toronto, about nine years ago. Age, over 50 years. Has one daughter by a previous marriage. Joiner by trade. Living on a small independent income. Write "Enquiry," Toronto.

1971. MONTGOMERY, JAS. B. Left his home in Sapperton, New Westminster, B. C., August 26th, 1891. Has not been heard from since. Medium height, dark complexion ; a trifle lame in his walk. Age, about 41. Looks older. His wife enquires. New York and 'Frisco Crys please copy.

1973. THOMPSON, WM., Jr. Left Victoria, B. C., in 1896. Supposed to be in Kamloops, B. C. Father, Andrew Thompson, enquires.

1975. WADDELL, GEO. A. Joined the Salvation Army in Hamilton last winter. Wrote regularly home up till last March. Nothing heard of him since. Mother is very sick. Write "Enquiry," Toronto, immediately.

1977. PRENDERGAST, JOHN C. Last heard of in Prosses, Yakma Co., Washington, U. S. A. Father enquires. Write S. A. "Enquiry," Toronto. New York Cry please copy.

1978. CLARK, JOHN. Left Lindsay, Ont., in 1870. Went to Elk Rapids, Mich., U. S. A. Last heard of as being in Indiana fourteen years ago. Left a wife and boy. Second wife's maiden name Francis Elliot. Daughter Annie Handley enquires. New York Cry please copy.

1979. ROEBER (in German Raber) JOHN PHILLIP. Nick-name "Phil." 5 ft. 6 in. ; thick set ; dark hair ; blue eyes ; Salvationist. Last heard of in Salt Lake City. Sister Louisa enquires. American Crys please copy.

HONOR ROLL.

Our Noble Army of Boomers.

Capt. McIntyre, Charlottetown, P. E. I. ... 336
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock ... 161
Mrs. Adjt. Dowell, Windsor, Ont., (av. 2 weeks) ... 14[illegible]
Mrs. Adjt. Phillips, Vancouver, (av. 2 weeks) ... 12[illegible]
Adjt. Aitkenhead, Halifax, N. S. ... 12[illegible]
Lieut. Dora, Picton, Ont., (av. 2 weeks) ... 12[illegible]
Capt. Allen, Sydney, C. B., (av. 2 weeks) ... 117
Capt. McKay, Rat Portage, Ont. (average 2 weeks) ... 114
Mrs. Cass, London ... 11[illegible]
Lieut. Young, Westville, N. S., (av. 2 weeks) ... 11[illegible]
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III. (av. 2 weeks) ... 110
Lieut. Cooden, St. John I., N. B. ... 11[illegible]
Mother Pearce, Temple (av. 2 wks.) ... 108
Lieut. Dickens, Prescott ... 10[illegible]
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich ... 107
Sergt. Brothers, Windsor, N. S. ... 106
Cadet Lewellen, St. John I., N. B. ... 10[illegible]
Jennie Bloss, Cornwall ... 10[illegible]
Capt. Freeman, St. Catharines ... 10[illegible]
Capt. Hill, Mont. (av. 2 weeks) ... 95
Capt. Perry, New Glasgow, N. S. ... 91
Mr. Crossman, Moncton, N. B. ... 91
Capt. Clote, Berlin ... 90
Cadet Lewis, Bridgewater, N. S., (av. 2 weeks) ... 8[illegible]
Capt. Campbell, Halifax I. ... 8[illegible]
Cadet Hebb, St. John I., N. B. ... 82
Lieut. Thoen, Dillon, (av. 2 weeks) ... 82
Ens. Brady, Sault Ste. Marie ... 80
Maggie Holden, Windsor, N. S. ... 80
Capt. Bragg, London ... 80
Julia Ledston, St. John's II., Nfld. (av. 2 weeks) ... 77
Capt. McLean, Glace Bay, C. B. ... 76
Sergt. Annie Downey, Kingston ... 7[illegible]
Capt. Huntington, Hespeler, Ont., (av. 2 weeks) ... 73
Lieut. Richards, Kentville, N. S. ... 75
Lieut. Burton, Chatham, Ont., (av. 2 weeks) ... 73
Sergt. Mrs. Barber, Kingston ... 72
Capt. Banks, Napanee ... 71
Sister Moore, Victoria, B. C. ... 71
Sergt. Terry, Lindsay, (av. 2 wks.) ... 70
Lieut. Hellett, Galt, Ont., (av. 2 weeks) ... 70
Lieut. A. Martin, Annapolis (av. 2 weeks) ... 70
Mrs. Adjt. Burditt, Hamilton I. ... 66
Capt. Glass, Sault Ste. Marie (av. 2 weeks) ... 64
Capt. Fanny Clarke, Houlton, Me. ... 63
Brother Reed, St. John I., N. B. ... 63
Ensign Crichton, Springhill (av. 2 weeks) ... 63
Mrs. Ensign M. Harg, Belleville ... 62
Aggie Goodall, Moncton, N. B., (av. 3 weeks) ... 62
Sergt. Mrs. Simons, Kingston ... 61
Ensign Raynor, Galt ... 61
Edith Lindsay, Paris, Ont. ... 60
Capt. Mrs. Parsons, Liverpool, N. S., (av. 2 weeks) ... 60
Capt. Pridmore, Prescott ... 60
Ens. Hattie Scott, Sarnia ... 60
Lieut. Blodgett, Sarnia ... 60
Sergt. Brass, Hamilton I. ... 60
Mrs. Adjt. Blackburn, Cornwall ... 60
Sergt. Gilmore, Simcoe ... 5[illegible]
Lieut. Steele, Pembroke (av. 2 w.) ... 5[illegible]
Mrs. Law, Victoria, B. C. ... 5[illegible]
Capt. Green, Campbellford (av. 2 weeks) ... 58
Sergt. Lucy Fairy, Bracebridge (av. 2 weeks) ... 58
Mary Woods, Paris ... 56
Mrs. Westover, Galt ... 55
Capt. Larder, Parrsboro, N. S., (av. 2 weeks) ... 54
Cadet Cowan, Lunenburg, (av. 4 weeks) ... 53
Capt. George Nyland, Sherbrooke ... 52
Lieut. Pynn, Strathroy ... 51
Capt. Seely, Kalispell, Mont. ... 50
Lieut. Krell, Kalispell, Mont. ... 50
Gertrude Codling, Minot, N. D. ... 50
Ens. Boggs, St. Stephen, N. B. ... 50
Capt. Haley, Tilsonburg (av. 2 w.) ... 50
Maggie Haynes, St. John, N. B. ... 50
Capt. Clark, New Glasgow, N. S. ... 50
Jessie Oar, St. John I., N. B. ... 47
Lieut. Randall, St. Stephen, N. B. (av. 2 weeks) ... 47
Jessie Irons, Windsor, N. S. (av. 2 weeks) ... 45
Capt. W. Bradbury, Moncton, N. B., (av. 2 weeks) ... 45
Sergt. Mrs. Glover, Dresden (av. 2 weeks) ... 45
Sergt. James Moors, Halifax I. ... 43
Sister Mortimer, Halifax I. ... 43
Capt. Reed, Gananoque ... 43
Lieut. Reid, Gananoque ... 42
Father Dixon, Temple ... 42
Sergt. Mattie Wick, Valley City ... 42
Mrs. Crane, Belleville ... 41
Capt. St. Clair, Riverside (av. 2 w.) ... 41
Capt. May, Victoria, B. C. ... 3[illegible]
Sister Bella Walks, Valley City ... 3[illegible]
Capt. Mitchell, Bracebridge ... 3[illegible]
Capt. Ward, Pembroke ... 3[illegible]
Brother Johnson, Hamilton I. ... 3[illegible]
Sister Blanche Ferguson, Halifax I. ... 34
Sister Jessie Wilson, Montreal I. ... 32
Hattie Yeomans, Chatham, Ont. (av. 2 weeks) ... 3[illegible]
Brother Rogers, Montreal I. (av. 2 weeks) ... 31
Maud Harvey, Riverside ... 31
Mrs. Burke, Belleville ... 31
Emily Howell, Riverside ... 31
Mary Curnew, New Glasgow, N. S. ... 30
Mrs. Fuller, Chatham, Ont. ... 30
Brother Mattice, Cornwall, (av. 2 weeks) ... 30
Mrs. Johnson, Temple ... 30
Ens. Crichton, Springhill, N. S. ... 30
Arthur Armstrong, Windsor, N. S. ... 30
Lieut. Meeks, Feversham, Ont. ... 30
Brother Case, Hamilton I. ... 30
Capt. Hart, Temple (av. 2 weeks) ... 2[illegible]
Sister May Harper, Montreal I. ... 2[illegible]
Lieut. Carr, Tilsonburg ... 28
Lieut. Grose, Napanee ... 28
Capt. F. Kirkwood, Belleville ... 26
Mrs. Day, Houlton, Me. ... 26
Brother Duncan, Montreal I. ... 25
Sister Emberley, Montreal I. ... 25
Brother Carr, Windsor, N. S. ... 25
Brother Curry, Hamilton I. ... 25
Mrs. Dawson, Napanee ... 25
Lieut. Thomas, Bridgetown ... 25
Capt. Long, Simcoe (av. 2 weeks) ... 24
Mother Curnew, New Glasgow ... 24
Sister Luddard, Kingston ... 24
Etta McCuish, Westville, N. S., (av. 2 weeks) ... 23
Ensign Kendall, Sherbrooke ... 23
Maggie Correll, Temple (av. 2 wks.) ... 22
Ensign Attwell, Riverside ... 21
Sergt. Maggie Root, Belleville ... 20
Maude Coates, Chatham, Ont. ... 20
Sister Nugent, St. John III. ... 20
Wm. Stevens, Riverside ... 20
Sister Cassleman, Montreal I. ... 20
Mother Lewis, Montreal I. ... 20
Sister McQuaig, Temple ... 20
Sister Schnyder, Pembroke (av. 2 weeks) ... 20
Mrs. Capt. Green, Campbellford, (av. 2 weeks) ... 20
Robbie Douglas, Cornwall, (av. 2 weeks) ... 20
Father Griffin, Sarnia ... 20
Mary Thuster, Berlin ... 20
Mrs. Whitmore, Berlin ... 20
Frank Seamore, Liverpool, N. S. ... 20
Mrs. Thompson, Napanee ... 20
Mrs. White, Simcoe ... 20

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BOOMLETS.

HAIL, NOBLE ARMY OF BOOMERS! Returns this week show a surprising increase, quite an awakening among the Booming braves. We knew you were to be found, but, oh for weeks past the roundelay of the "Cry" Musical Bob has been:

"Where, oh, where have the Boomers gone?
Where, oh where can they be?"

Now the music changes to

"Boomer, we have missed you,
Welcome, welcome home!"

So McIntyre still leads, and by his majority seems to occupy a position of "splendid isolation." List! O isle of lilies and roses, have you heard of the wonders accomplished by long distance telephoning? Then speak to the anxious Editorial heart, and tell us of the "boomings." What is that I hear? Bell, did you say? Sergeant Bell or the telephone bell? Perhaps 'tis both! The anxious one list-eneth.

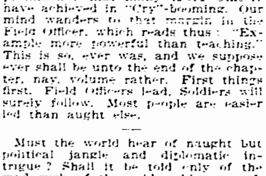
There was a slight mistake last week. List, ye Boomers, while "Fountain Pen" confesses. Captain MacIntyre's total sales should have read 336 instead of 301 as reported. This mistake arose from the sending in of two coupons, the second one telling of a further sale of 225, arriving after the column closed. The next mistake was Brother Cossitt, of Sydney, C. B., who was credited with selling 114 copies. This should have been 50, the 114 being the record of Captain Allen, of the same Corps, for that week. Having confessed, we feel already we are forgiven.

The Editorial heart is encouraged. News from the north, south, east and west reach us of the increasing appreciation of the "Cry," by its readers. That's right, we shall continue to do our level best at this end, and if all Boomers continue to do likewise at their respective ends, the result must be a big "booming" success.

Not the least cheering feature of this week's reports is the noticeable prominence that many iFeld Officers have achieved in "Cry"-booming. Our mind wanders to that margin in the Field Officer, which reads thus: "Example more powerful than teaching." This is so, ever was, and we suppose ever shall be unto the end of the chapter, nay, volume rather. First things first. Field Officers lead, Soldiers will surely follow. Most people are easier led than aught else.

Must the world hear of naught but political jangle and diplomatic intrigue? Shall it be told only of the mad rush of the gold-seeking crowd, who in their blind haste see not, nor scarce stop to think of the true riches which fade not away, nor perish in the using? Shall the only sounds that reach its ears be that of sorrowing hearts, blighted homes, despairing souls, the empty, hollow merriment of a befooled crowd as it surges on to its death, its reckoning day at the Judgment Seat of the Almighty? COMRADES, NEVER! They shall hear of that Name that is above all names "in hell, or earth or sky," they shall be warned, they shall be made to think, they shall hear another, more joyous song, that of those who have been brought "from the pit, from the miry clay," and whose feet are set upon a rock as they sing a glad new song. They shall hear of it through the "Cry." READ IT! DIGEST IT!! PRAY OVER IT! Then BOOM IT! BOOM!! BOOM IT!!!

Yours,
THE FOUNTAIN PEN.



Sister Agnes Short, Hants Harbor, Nfld.

Death has again visited us. This time it has taken Agnes Short, the daughter of Sergeant Short. Agnes had been a sufferer for some months, and on Saturday she went to join the ranks of the redeemed. As she was crossing the river, she said, "The angels are hovering round to carry my spirit home." Around the open grave we pledged ourselves to be true to God as we fixed bayonets and sang, "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee."

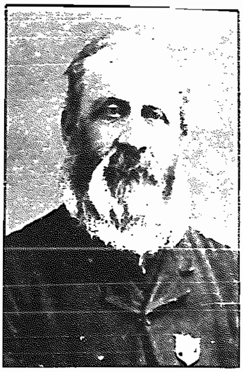
May God bless and comfort the bereaved ones!

W. T. HAWKINS, Capt., Nfld.

Brother Cassels, London, Ont.

Born in Dunbar, Oxford, England, in 1820. Converted in 1844 in a Methodist meeting; for thirteen years a local preacher, and from the earliest days of Salvation Army work in London, Ont., a most prominent figure in the local Corps, it being his delight to carry the old flag. This, in brief, is the sketch of the life of our dear Comrade, as told by our correspondent in the Forest City. Speaking of him, our correspondent says:

"His deep, strong voice will be much missed upon the market and in the open-air, where he loved to sound the praises of the Lamb and invite sinners to Calvary's cleansing stream. His death was the result of natural decline and old age, but he bore his sufferings with great fortitude, and was enabled in his dying breath to shout 'Hallelujah!'"



BROTHER CASSELS.

Adjutant Cass conducted his funeral service in real Army style, and a goodly number of the comrades accompanied the remains to the Cemetery.

J. H. M.

Sister Mrs. Parker, of the Parrsboro Corps, Promoted to Glory.

She has been a Soldier of this Corps for about two years, but sickness had kept her from attending meetings for over a year. While visiting her I always found her testimony clear. The last time I called to see her was a few hours before she passed away. She signed to me that Jesus was precious. She leaves a husband and one little child to mourn her loss. At the Memorial service, one soul sought Salvation. God bless the bereaved!—Captain Larder.

During the recent visit of the Field Commissioner to London, news reached us of the promotion to Glory of our dear Comrade, Brother Castle, a veteran of many years' standing. Suffering and pain had been his for some considerable time past, but through it all he was gloriously conscious of his Lord's presence and sustaining power. His last word on earth was "Hallelujah!"

"In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove."

H. K.

Death has again visited St. Catharines, and taken from our midst Brother Richard Steel. For some time the Officers visited our promoted Comrade and found him waiting for the coming of the Master. Just before he passed away he called his brother and sisters to his bedside and began to divide up among them his play-toys, and he wondered what best he could give his grandmother who was unsaved. Suddenly he thought of a prayer-meeting that was to be held next door, and he told her to go there and get saved and meet him in Heaven. He desired to be buried by the Army, so we gave him an Army funeral, and at the grave-side we promised to meet our departed Comrade in Glory.

H. Freeman, Captain.

Rather suddenly death has visited our ranks, and a loved Comrade has gone Home to her reward. Sister Mary Maddock was one of our oldest Soldiers, having fought faithfully for many years through the difficulties known only, perhaps, to God and herself.

To some who visited her before she died, she said: "My title is clear for Heaven," and when Ensign Wakefield, shortly before she passed away, questioned her definitely about her soul, with a smile she answered, "Jesus is so precious to me!" He said "Sister Maddock, you will have to watch and pray a great deal." "Ah! I am doing that more than I ever did before!" she replied.

Her body was taken to the Barracks, where a number of friends had gathered to have a last look at our departed Comrade. After an impressive service, conducted by Ensign, assisted by Mrs. Wakefield, both speaking very feelingly of our sister's death, while they urged the unsaved to be ready, the Comrades, including the Band, marched to the cemetery, where the service was led by the Ensign, God coming very near and making us all feel the importance of being ready with our lamps trimmed and burning.

"Above the waves of earthly strife,
Above the ills and cares of life;
Where all is peaceful, bright and fair,
Her home is there, her home is there."

JENNIE E. SOLE, S. C.

Swiss children are obliged to attend school six or eight years, fines being imposed on their parents in case of unexcused absence. But as many parents are too poor to provide food and clothing for their children, not a few of the cantons have undertaken to provide assistance, and it is estimated that last year 40,000 children were thus aided by the State.

WAR CRY RACE.

NAME.................................
(Give rank, if any, whether local or officer.)

Corps.................................

Province.................................

Sold, outside the Barracks.................. *War Crys for week ending Saturday*..........................

Countersigned.................................
Commanding Officer.

NOTE.—Fill out this Form and send it to the Editor regularly every week. Failure in this disqualifies the racer.

LOCAL OFFICERS OF THE WINDSOR, N.S., CORPS.

Now for a Good Sing

SING TOGETHER,
SING IN FAITH,
SING IN THE SPIRIT,
SING THEM INTO THE FOUNTAIN.

Tunes.—Stella, B. J., 25; Euphony, B. J., 138; Ye Banks and Braes (Friend of Sinners,) B. J., 56; Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

1 Lord, I will live to do Thy will—
For Thou hast set my soul on fire—
To drive out sin and keep it still
At home in hell—oh, grand desire!
To daily walk in white with God,
Cleansed through and through by Jesus' Blood.

Thou wilt not leave me struggling on
Sometimes defeated, sometimes pure,
For victory may be ever won,
Since conquering faith is always sure;
To claim, when earthly strength may lack,
All Heaven the godly man to back.

No man need walk the earth a crank,
A meanly-tempered, crooked soul;
Faith cashes cheques on God's great bank,
In all temptations keeps me whole:
And Christ, my Saviour and my King,
Accepts the little all I bring.

—:o:—

Tune.—B. J., 27.

2 Soldiers, now lift up your voices,
Praise ye the Lord!
While the host of heaven rejoices,
Praise ye the Lord!
Praise Him as ye onward go,
To the realms of endless glory,
Let His praise each heart o'erflow,
Praise ye the Lord!

For the hope of every nation,
Praise ye the Lord!
He has brought for us Salvation,
Praise ye the Lord!
Jesus died for you and me,
Paid our debt on Calvary's mountain,
Every sinner may be free,
Praise ye the Lord!

Sinners, you may all go with us,
Praise ye the Lord!
Turn from sin, believe on Jesus,
Praise ye the Lord!
Now's the time, no more delay,
Hasten to the crimson Fountain,
Will you start for Heaven to-day?
Praise ye the Lord!

—:o:—

Tune.—Blessed be the Name of the Lord! B. J., 43.

3 Oh, sinner, come to Jesus,
And give your heart to Him;
Blessed be the name of the Lord!
And He will make you holy
And save you from all sin—
Blessed be the name of the Lord!

Chorus.

When the stars from the elements are falling,
And the moon shall be turned into blood,
And the children of the Lord are returning home to God,
Blessed be the name of the Lord!

It does not matter whether
We are black or white,
Blessed be the name of the Lord!
For God says, "Whosoever"
Can come and be put right—
Blessed be the name of the Lord!

And when the Lord does call us
To cross cold Jordan's tide,
Blessed be the name of the Lord!
I'm sure that He will help us
And be close by our side—
Blessed be the name of the Lord!

—:o:—

Tune, B. J., 108, 3.

4 Come, weary sinner, to the Cross,
The Saviour bids you come:
Come trusting in His precious Blood,
Wait not—there still is room.

Chorus.

Jesus now is passing by,
Passing by, passing by:
Jesus now is passing by,
I'll go out to meet Him;
While He is so very nigh,
Very nigh, very nigh;
While He is so very nigh,
I'll go out to greet Him;
Oh, why delay your long return?
The Spirit gently pleads:
Come to the Cross whereon for you
The dying Saviour bleeds.

He waits to fill your soul with joy,
And all your sins forgive;
His love for you no tongue can tell,
Oh, trust His grace and live!

—:o:—

A POWERFUL SUNDAY NIGHT SONG.

Tunes.—Come, Comrades, Dear, B. B., 9; Come On, My Partners, B. J., 196, 1; Willoughby, B. J., 109, 1; Praise, B. J., 143, 1; Faith's Ascent, B. J., 85, 1.

5 And am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joy, or hellish pains,
To all eternity?

How, then, night I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay!
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against the fatal day!

No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable Throne!

No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But, oh, when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

Charlottetown, P.E.I.

"Dead?" did you ask? Yes, and No! Dead to the world we are, but yet speaking; dead to the thought of souls straying from the Shepherd's fold? No! No!! No!!!

Neither is Charlottetown dead to the interest of the Kingdom of Jesus. I am sure you would not have thought so had you been in our Song Service, entitled, "The Story of Delia," last evening. The crowd was small, the heat being very oppressive. How we, who had the privilege of listening to our dear Island Comrade, Ensign Jost, longed to let every one on this tiny "Garden of the Gulf" hear that strangely sad story of that one out of thousands of our sisters!

Professor Holly ably led the music (organ) while the Sisters, Captain, Lieutenant, and Sisters White, Wann, and Way, sang sweetly the pieces chosen to supplement that thrilling story. Ensigns Jost, Perry and Hendricks read by turn the whole story, the music coming sandwich-like to break the monotony, and add pathos to the whole. To one heart, at least, the feeling of sadness was deepened by the thought that this would be the last chance she would have of listening to dear Ensign Hendricks; she, as well as Captain and Lieutenant, farewell next Sunday. Thank God for the thought of that home, where, as one family, we shall gather and never part.—Lillie I. Bryenton.

Victoria, B.C.

Since last you heard from us we have had some very interesting meetings. Captain Staigers and his Cadet were with us for a week-end before sailing to Alaska. We had, too, the pleasure of hearing Ensign Patterson, while resting here. On Thursday night, our War Cry boomers, Sisters Law and Moore, led the meeting. The Corps lassies wore white caps and aprons, trimmed with "War Cry." They (the costumes) were certainly striking, if not artistic in appearance. Headings and songs bearing on our official gazette kept the meeting up to the mark. A banner was carried on the march, bearing the words, "God bless the Editor!" Adjutant Gibbs and Captain May have received farewell orders. We shall remember their short stay in our midst as one of blessing and help to our Corps, and pray that God will grant them still greater success in their next appointment. One of the recent converts has taken his stand as a Soldier.

A. E. T.

Kinmount.

Since coming to Kinmount Circle, God has been helping us, for which we praise Him. While some are battling with rocks to get the pure gold out of them, we are battling with the devil for the souls of the people to get the deadly poison of sin out, and get the pure religion of Jesus Christ in. Also He has helped us to slay the debt devil to quite an extent. We are going on, believing for greater victories. Victory!—Allan Nelson, Captain.

[SERIAL STORY.]

DAD SLOSS, Convict.

A STORY OF THE PRISON GATE HOME.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Archie Sloss, born in Glasgow of drunken and thieving parents. At seven adopted by a gang of thieves. At fifteen a professional housebreaker. His motto: "Risk nothing, gain nothing." Prison experience begun at sixteen. Seven years. After three years and a-half out on ticket of leave. Caught again. Seven years. Escape from prison. Re-captured. On board the convict ship "Albatross," bound for Bermudas. Life in a convict settlement. Received free pardon. Returns to Glasgow. At his old game. The great hotel robbery. Break up of the Sloss gang. Off to America. New York. Attempt to rob the Trans-Atlantic Bank. Arrested. Sing Sing prison. Attempted escape in a coffin. Recaptured. Out on license. Off to Peru and the Cape. Back to London and Glasgow. Fourteen years penal servitude. Wakefield prison and Portland convict prison. The language of stones, or how prisoners talk.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

A Bitter Harvest.

BY THIS STRANGE MEANS of conversation Archie was not long in finding a man as whole-heartedly devoted to the dreadful pursuit of crime as himself. He was known in criminal circles as the "Sun-dial," because he had a large, round face, with a prominent nose.

After a few days had elapsed, Archie and the "Sun-dial" were bosom friends. In character these two poor dupes of Satan were much alike. So far, Archie had escaped shedding human blood; but the "Sun-dial" was serving a life sentence for manslaughter, and one day he tapped out on the stones a suggestion to Archie to assist him in killing Warder Pottinger and escaping from the establishment.

"No, none of that for me," said Archie, through the same unique mode of conversation. "Kill a man—get the rope. All over. There are no hotels and banks to rob

In the Grave.

My business is to get out of here as soon as possible and open out a jeweler's shop—at midnight—and keep the 'tecs' employed, 'cos it would be wrong to throw those industrious fellows out o' work."

Archie's intentions were, therefore, to return to crime as soon as he could get away; but he was afraid to run the risk of getting hung, for one reason only, and that was because such a punishment would put an end for ever to the devilish life he loved too well to sacrifice.

After this conversation with the "Sun-dial," Archie was determined to keep his own counsel, work a plot out by himself, and escape at the first opportunity. He never lost faith in his own skill.

Sin Had Blinded His Eyes

to everything good.

The Sunday services, when the chaplain read the Bible and exhorted the convicts to repent, were all like a foreign language to Archie. His heart seemed to be as hard as the stones that he had to hew out every day. Sin was his religion. "Rob everybody. Plunder where you can. Never ask anybody. Take what you want. Thou shalt not steal—when the policeman is looking!"

This was the total of Archie's creed.

One day he escaped from the gang of convicts to which he belonged, and before he was missed had stolen an oilskin suit belonging to the warder, who had it concealed in a sentry-box for use in wet weather.

It was a very hot day in July—most inappropriate weather for wearing oilskins, but Archie was an adventurer and always believed that if he risked nothing he would gain nothing.

Portland is practically an island, and as Archie was crossing a bridge to get to Weymouth he was accosted by a sentinel with loaded musket, who called out in authoritative tones, "Who goes there?"

Archie made no reply, because he was taken by surprise.

"Who goes there?" came the enquiry a second time, in louder tones.

Still no reply from Archie, for he was wondering what to say.

"Who goes there?" the sentry yelled out, bringing his musket to his shoulder, ready to fire if no answer was forthcoming at the third time of asking.

"The Duke of Portland!"

said Archie, trying to feel calm.

"Oh, indeed," said the sentry. "And pray, what is his grace doing out here with a suit of oilskins on such a hot day as this?"

But Archie could make no reply. The incongruity of his position had never struck him. The sentry caught up to Archie, unbuttoned the oil-skins and saw the convict's dress beneath.

"Aha, a fine Duke of Portland you are!" said the sentry, quite pleased at the grand capture. "Yes, my lord, you are my prisoner. You'll get something for this."

Archie was taken before the police stealing the warder's oilskins and trying to escape. "Have you anything to say for yourself?" asked the chairman of the board.

"No use me talking," said Archie. "You won't believe me. It's my business to get away, and I'll get away yet, in spite of ye. There's no prison going to hold me very long. I'm the devil's own, and I feel it, too."

"Silence," said the chairman. "Listen to me."

"All right," said Archie, in the peculiar phraseology of the language of the street. Throw it off your chest, old 'un. I'm listening."

"You are sentenced to an

Additional Term of Six Years

for stealing the oilskins," said the chairman.

"Oh, is that all?" said Archie.

"Twenty-eight days' bread and water," continued the chairman.

"Say twenty-eight days' water without the bread," suggested Archie.

"Six months in irons—twenty-eight pounds' weight," continued the chairman.

"Thank you, sir," said Archie; "hev ye anything else to give away?"

"Yes, a warm breakfast to-morrow morning."

"Thank you. Anything else?"

"Yes," said the chairman. "Fifty lashes with the cat to-morrow morning!"

"Thanks!" said Archie. "Hev ye anything else to give away?"

"Take the scoundrel out of my sight!" exclaimed the chairman, and Archie was hustled off to his cell.

"Next morning I got the fifty lashes," says Archie, telling his experience in his own homely style. "I was stripped and led out and lashed securely to the flogging triangle. A big, strong warder was selected to wield the cat.

It Had Leaden Knots

on it, and drew blood at every stroke. The first stroke was a proper stinger. But I was hardened in wrong. "Jericho!" I shouted; "but that's a warmer!" That was all I cared. The second stroke fell on the same spot as the first, and cut into the raw flesh. "Oh, knives!" I said to that.

The third stroke made me bite my lip through, but I wouldn't yell for mercy—no fear! A doctor was standing by my side all the time, feeling my pulse and watching the contortions of my face. Stroke after stroke came upon me, and it was just like having knives and bayonets thrust through and through ye. By the twelfth stroke my back was all cut up, and my boots were full of blood and running over. At the end of thirty strokes there was a large pool of blood around on the floor.

But I wouldn't yell or shout. That's what annoyed them so much. About the fortieth stroke my back became insensible to pain. It was thud, thud, like whacking a donkey. I lost a lot of blood. Was as weak as a kitten after; but I would not give in. They couldn't flog the devil out of me. Couldn't break my spirit. I was the same Archie Sloss at the end of the flogging as before. More stubborn and devilish, if anything. If I could have got hold of a knife I would have killed them all. My breast was full of hell fire, raging like a volcano."

This was Archie's first flogging, and the only effect it produced was to make him into a worse man, more defiant than ever.

"The Wages of Sin is Death,"

and the careless reader passes over this declaration without probing the spirit of these weighty words, as if they inferred physical death only.

But, the wages of sin means not merely death to the body, but death to the moral faculties and death to religious instincts, and all moral sight and hearing.

Archie Sloss had reaped the wages of sin in the death of his conscience. The wages of sin was to him the death of all good desire—the death of all thoughts of God and the Judgment.

At the expiration of Archie's sentence of twenty-eight days of bread and water, his name was called out, with those of three hundred other convicts, and they were all drafted on board the transport sailing ship, "Dolphin," outward bound for Western Australia.

The convicts went on board in irons, but the captain of the vessel ordered the irons to be struck off.

(To be Continued).

Carefully studied, well digested, practically applied, is Major Southall's excellent advice to his Officers respecting the Harvest Festival Hand Book.

[THRILLING SERIAL STORY.]

Scotch Janet.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Leaving home. Off to the city. Seeking employment. The "Bull Inn." Ruined. Despair. Thoughts of revenge. A true friend.

CHAPTER VI.

Defeated but not Disgraced.

ENTHUSIASTS do not consider consequences. That is at once their strong and weak point. Geordie Mason, in the warmth of his new-born love for Rescue work, did not stop to consider the dangers or difficulties that might follow his search for Janet Ironside. He simply plunged into the darkness of the night, and wandered hither and thither through the lower quarters of the city, trusting to the Spirit of God to lead him rightly. His love for the friendless lassie was pure, his faith in the Divine guideship was perfect. These were his credentials. And who will say that they were insufficient?

His instinct first led him to the district frequented by the seafaring community, and here he trudged from one whisky-shop to another, peering into the faces of almost every female that he encountered. Some of them must have thought the young man's actions were uncalled for. In fact, one woman, who stepped out of "The Heeland Chief," as Geordie was about to enter, said very impolitely,

Trapped.

"What are ye glowerin' at?"

"Beg pardon," said Geordie, with a nervous tremor in his voice. "I—was—looking—for——"

"Oh! was you? Will I do?" the woman said, with a coarse suggestiveness in her eye, and putting her hand on his shoulder.

"No, woman!" he said, gently pushing her aside. "You have mistaken your man."

In Self-defence.

"That I will!" answered back the bully, and in a sudden, cowardly manner, he seized Mason by the shoulder, and would have thrown him to the ground, but, in self-defence, Mason retaliated, shouting, "You cowardly ruffian! Geordie Mason has got hands as well as you—take that!"

In an instant the man was on his back. But if Mason imagined that his action would strike terror into his opponents, it was a very short-lived anticipation.

The coal-heaver was on his feet in a minute. Calling to his companions, three of them made a rush upon Mason, and in less time than it would take to describe, the tables were turned, Mason was dashed into the gutter with a violence that must have created the fear that the man was killed.

The woman, a notorious character of the neighbourhood, as was afterwards discovered, made a hasty retreat from the scene of the uproar, and she was at once followed by her male confederates. The sound of footsteps, together with the cry of a girl, who suddenly emerged from a dark abutment to the left of "The Heeland Chief" public-house, must have led them to suppose the police were about. At any rate, they fled.

The girl, who was a spectator of the latter part of the scuffle, made straight for Mason, and as she bent over him, gave vent to a loud, unearthly scream.

"Oh, my God! It is Geordie Mason! Have they killed him?" she cried, turning her face toward the main entrance of the public-house to see if there were any one there who could give her assistance.

Fortunately, it was unnecessary. Mason had not sustained the injuries that the ruffians dreaded. Though stunned, it was only for a minute; the loud sound of the female's voice brought him back to consciousness, and on opening his eyes he met those of Janet Ironside.

"Janet!" he gasped.

"Geordie!" she replied. "What has brought you here?"

SHE GAVE VENT TO A LOUD, UNEARTHLY SCREAM.

"Oh! Police! police! police!" the woman shrieked; "this villain has assaulted me!"

In a few minutes a dozen or so of men rushed from the bar into the street, where they found Geordie Mason standing, ashy pale, confronted by his accuser.

"What's he done to ye, Jess?" asked loudly a burly fellow, evidently a coal-heaver.

"He wanted me to go hame wi' him, and because I refused, the scoundrel pushed me against the wall. He deserves to hae his head punched, to put his hands on a decent woman like me."

There was just a ripple of laughter at the latter part of the woman's observation; but the coal-heaver went up to Mason (who had by this time regained his usual composure), and said, "And I'm the man to punch yer head! What made you lay your hands on our Jess?" he violently asked.

"I gently pushed her aside, sir, because of an offensive remark she made to me as I was about to look inside the bar. I am in search of a friend of mine, and I decline to have any conversation with you on the matter."

The outspoken manner of Mason, together with the sincere tone of his voice, confounded, for the moment, the bullying coal-heaver.

"He's tellin' the biggest lie o' his life, Tam!" cried the woman, approaching Geordie, and wagging her head in Geordie's face. "You are no' in the Shiprow at this hour o' the night for any good."

An approving chorus of exclamations greeted this sally of the woman, encouraged by which the coal-heaver nudged nearer to the young man.

"Let me alone, sir," said Mason, calmly, "or I shall be compelled to call the police."

"Oh, that's your game, is it?"

"Let him have it thick!" cried a voice from the door of the public-house.

"It is for your sake I came," he said, at once exerting his strength and rising to his feet. "This is not the place for a lassie like you, and you must come away with me. I will be your friend."

(To be Continued).

COMING EVENTS.

STAFF-CAPTAIN MINNICE will visit the following Corps in the Central Ontario Province: Bowmanville, Saturday, Sunday, August 21st and 22nd; Oshawa, Monday and Tuesday, 23rd and 24th; Whitby, Wednesday, 25th; Brooklin, Thursday, Aug. 26th.

CAPTAIN CUMMINGS TOUR. G.B.M.

Temple, August 18th; Brampton, 19th, 20th; Orangeville, 21st, 22nd; Feversham, 23rd, 24th, 25th; Owen Sound, 26th, 27th; Chesley, 28th, 29th.

Some one was at a Special Meeting a few Sundays ago and saw two or three Soldiers pick up a Cry while a song was being sung from it, and even then did not sing, but looked it through and put it down again. This practice should be stopped without ceremony. The price of the Cry is well within the reach of the poorest, and the paper is worth many times over what is paid for it.

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